The Valerian

1926

VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

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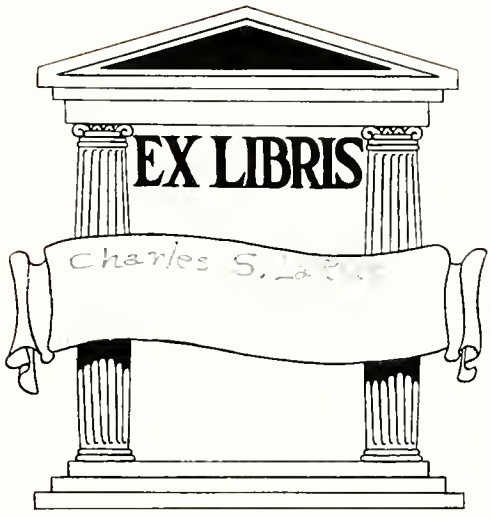
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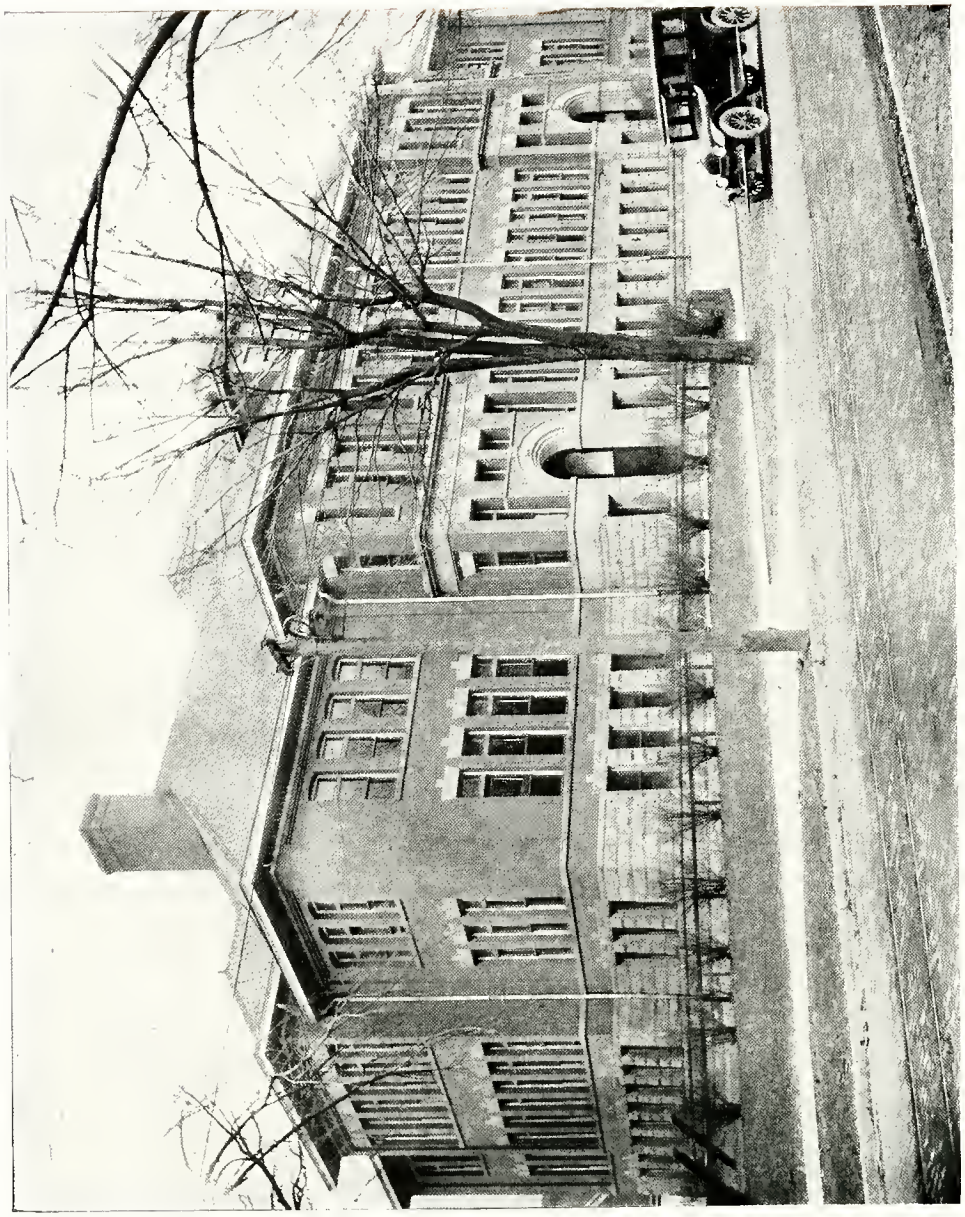

C. 3

THE VALENIAN

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

OF

VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

AT

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

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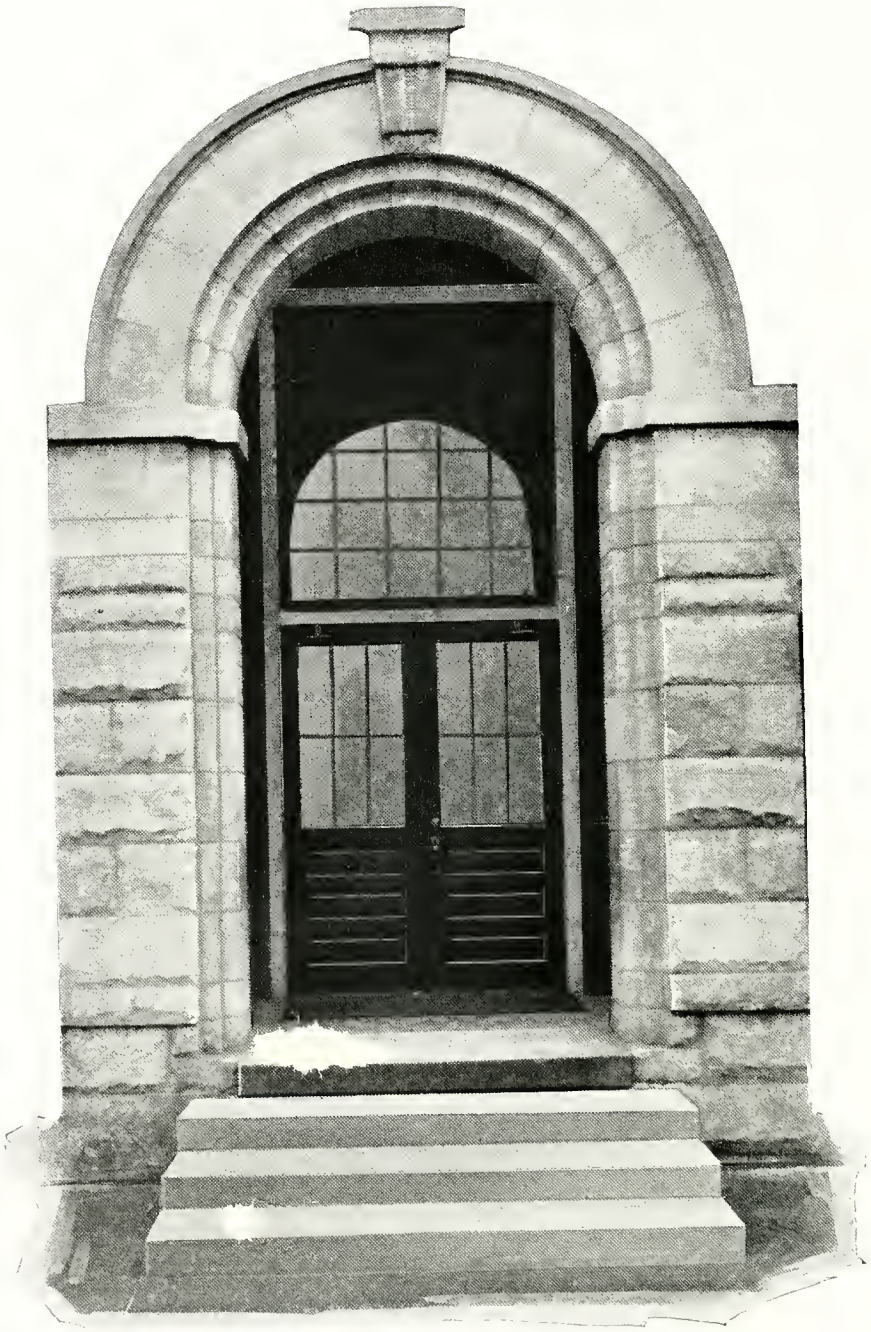
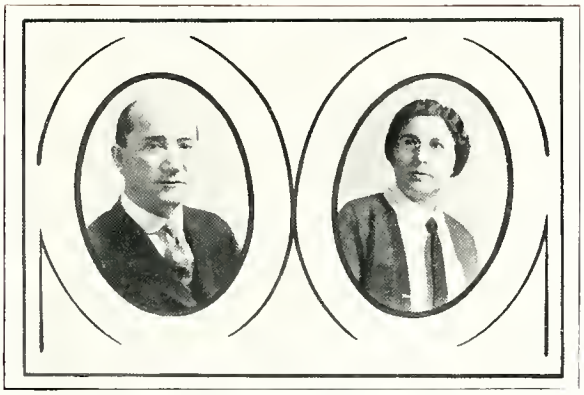
FOREWORD

Another year has been recorded in the annals of old V. H. S., and with its passing comes the departure of another class, the Class of '26. For those of us who have shared work and fun alike for four happy years, the cross-roads have been reached, and our ways must part. But wherever we may be in years to come, though we may never meet again, this Valenian shall bind us together, and shall, we hope, keep glowing warm memories of us in the hearts of our teachers and fellow-students. And although its imperfections are many, we trust that they will be overlooked and that the love and labor lingering within its pages will make this Valenian truly worthy of its name and purpose.

THE STAFF.





DEDICATION

To Our Class Supervisors,

MR. JESSEE *and* MISS SIEB,
whose ready counsel and sound advice
has been of so great help to us
throughout our Senior year,
we humbly dedicate this
number of The
Valenian

V '82 05564

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	CLYDE BURNS
Assistant Editor	MARTHA PARKER
Business Manager	JUDD BUSH
Assistant Business Manager	MARCEL CINCOSKE
Alumni	KATHERINE CHRISTY
Society	MARGARET STINCHFIELD
Snaps	WILLIAM COLLINS
Drama	SADIE FREDERICK
Jokes	CHARLOTTE BURKE
Calendar	WAYNE MILLER
Cartoons	LAURA BARTHOLOMEW
Music	LORRAINE STANTON
History	BEATRICE BORNHOLT
Prophecy	DOROTHY LANNIN
Will	IRENE WARK
Athletics	FRED WHITE

OUR STAFF

A is for art our Laura supplies,
B is for Burns, our editor wise;
C is for Collins, who pictures did take,
D is for Dorothy, our prophecy did make;
E is for everyone who adds to our work,
F is for Fred, who never did shirk,
  Also for Frederick who in drama doth work;
G is for gladness this annual will bring,
H is for "ha-ha's" our joke Ed. will fling;
I is for Irene, who has written our will;
J is for Judd, our manager of skill;
K is for Kate, our alumni collector,
L is for Lois, our snap-shot detector;
  Also for Lorraine, our music inspector;
M is for Marcel, the manager's boy,
N is for nights we sure did employ;
O is for Oscar, who pictures did snap;
P is for Parker, who ne'er took a nap;
Q is for questions asked us galore,
R is for rhymes that Burke has in store;
S is for Stinchfield, society's find,
T is for times we are leaving behind;
U is for "U" whom this book will cheer,
V is for Valenian, our annual this year;
W is for Wayne, our calendar man,
X is for "x"cuses none will demand;
Y is for year that now comes to an end,
Z is for zest, our staff's best friend.

—*Oscar Dolch.*

SCHOOL BOARD

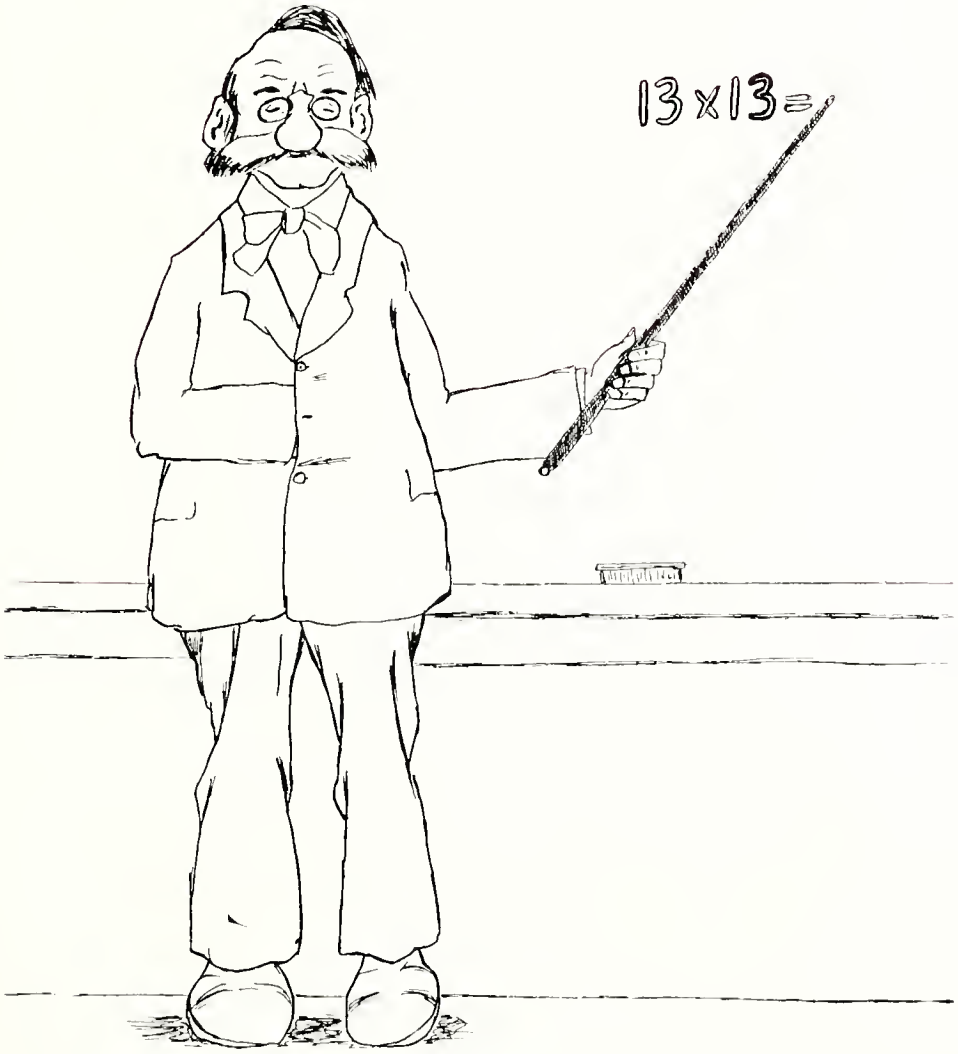
W. J. MORRIS

C.W. BOUCHER

A.A.HUGART

GEORGE SHEEKS

FACULTY.



H. M. Jessee
(Principal)
Algebra and Vocational Information

Minnie C. McIntyre
(Asst. Principal)
Civics

Helen M. Benney
English

C. W. Boucher
(Superintendent)
Geometry

Vera L. Sieb
English

Olie Welty
Latin

Mrs. F. A. Schenck
English and Mathematics

Clare McGillicuddy
Mathematics

CLAUDE O. PAULEY
Science

DOROTHY HOFFMAN
History

RUTH HAZELY
Science

RALPH SCHENCK
Commercial

EDITH WEEMS
Domestic Art

GLADYS STANFORD
English and French

ONITA W. THOMAS
Latin

MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW
Domestic Science

JOSEPH B. BROWN
Manual Arts

LILLIE E. DARBY
Music

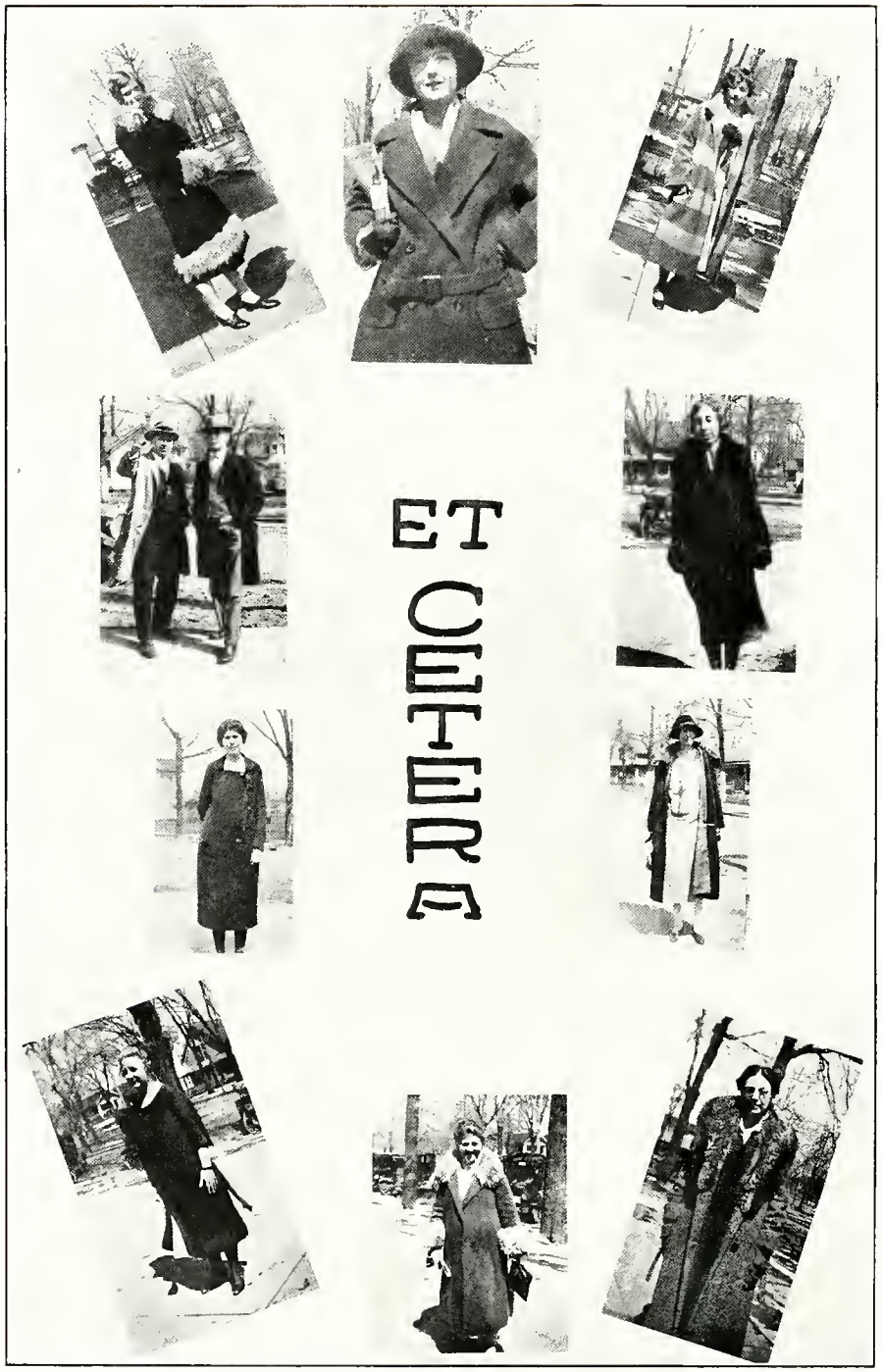
DESSA H. VAUGHN
Commercial

MARTHA BOUCHER
Clerk

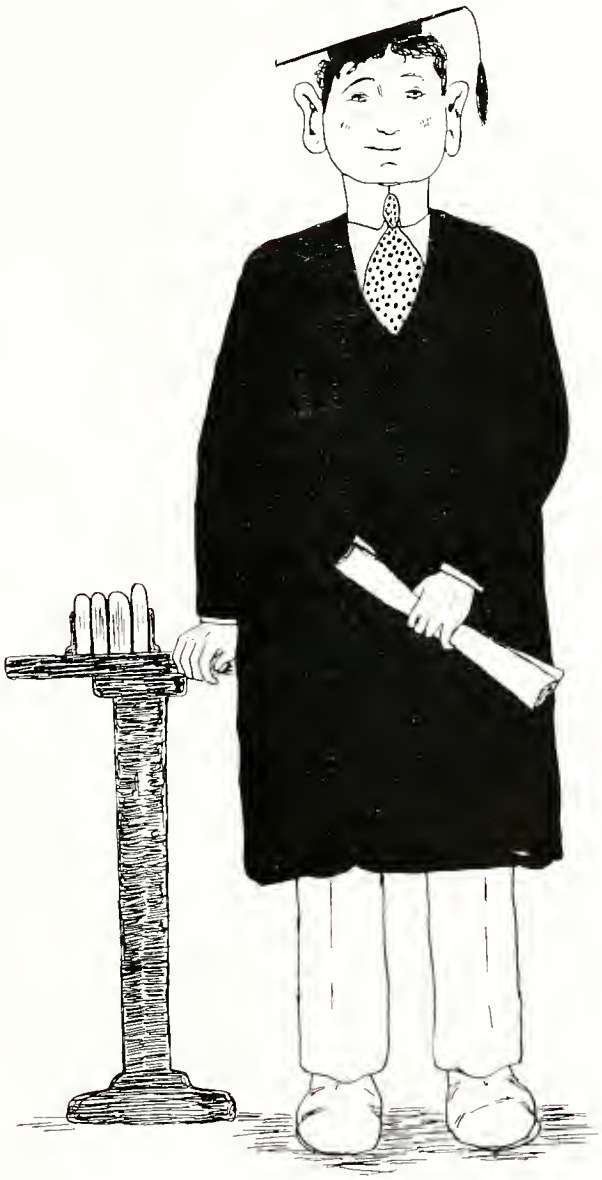
LAURA NEET
English

ESTHER HUGHART
English

The FACULTY


ET CETERA

SENIORS



CARLETON L. BEARSS

Senior Vaudeville, 4.
"He smiled and found the whole world good."

LORRAINE STANTON

Glee Club, 1, 3; Musicale, 3; Le Cercle Francais, 3, 4; Commercial Play, 4; Vaudeville, 4; Staff; Vice-President, 4; Senior Play Committee; Carnival Committee, 4; Accompanist, 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 1, 3.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

CLYDE BURNS

Glee Club, 4; Orchestra, 4; Vaudeville, 4; Operetta, 4; Secretary Hi-Y, 4; Track, 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of Valenian, 4; Junior Play, 2, 3; Reception Committee, 3; Oratorical, 4; Picnic Committee, 3; Latin Contest, 2, 3.

"A man so learned, so full of equity,
So noble and so notable."

PAULINE CAVANAUGH

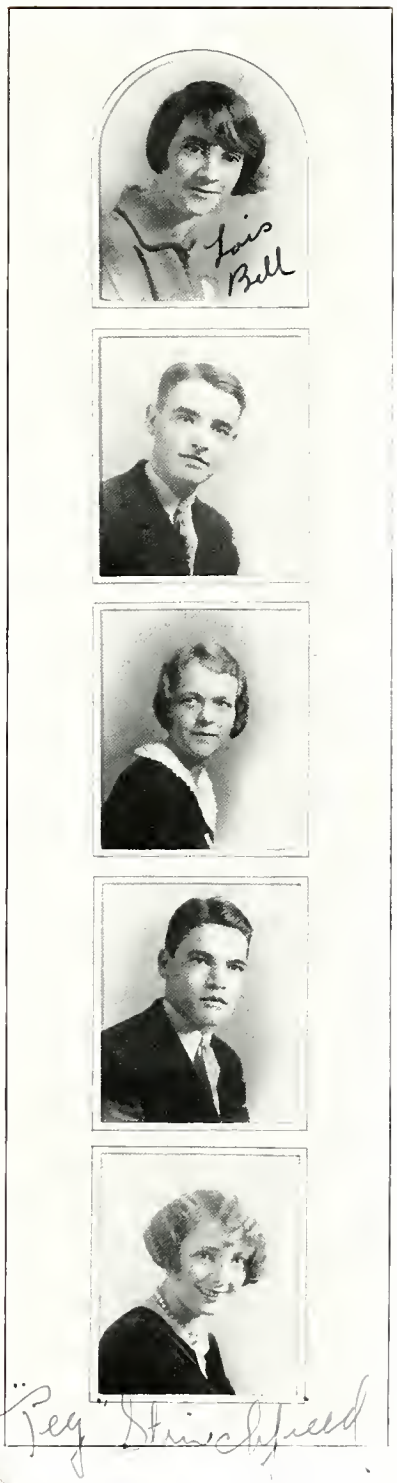
Vaudeville Committee. Enter Junior year from Jackson Center, Indiana.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

WAYNE MILLER

Glee Club, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Junior Play, 2, 3; Stage Manager of Operetta, 4; Staff, 4.

"As quiet, as cool, and as dignified
As a smooth, silent iceberg
That never is ignified."



LOIS BELL

Basketball, 3; Le Cercle Francais; Junior Play, 3.

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows."

WILLIAM COLLINS

Football, 1, 3; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, 4; Senior Play, 4; Vaudeville, 4; Staff, 4; Vice-President Hi-Y, 4; Track, 4.

"And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills."

BEATRICE BORNHOLT

Le Cercle Francais; Staff, 4; Senior Play, 4; Junior Prom Committee, 3.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face."

ROBERT BLAESE

Varsity Basketball, 4; Interclass Baseball, 2, 3; Track, 3; Soccer, 4; Picnic Committee, 3; Hi-Y, 4.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

MARGARET STINCHFIELD

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2; Basketball Manager, 3, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Junior Play, 3; Senior Play, 4; Senior Carnival, 2, 4; Staff—Society Editor, 4; Senior Carnival Committee, 4; Prom Committee, 3; Operetta, 3.

"Admirably schooled in every grace."

ORLIE K. HORNER

Le Cercle Francais, 3, 4.
"A face that showed determination to succeed
In any worth-while deed."

MARGARET HUGHES

Glee Club, 1, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Oratorical, 4; Operetta, 2, 4. Entered Sophomore year from West Lafayette, Indiana.
"Sweet piece of bashful maiden art."

CHARLES STINCHFIELD

Glee Club, 3, 4; Basketball Manager, 4; Track, 3; Finance Committee, 3; President, 1, 4; Operetta, 3; Interclass Baseball, 2; Hi-Y Treasurer, 4.
"He has left not a wiser nor better."

MARGARET ERLER

Senior Carnival, 4.
"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

KENNETH OLDHAM

IRENE WARK

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; President Girls' Reserve, 4; Valenian Staff, 4; Operetta, 1, 2, 3; Le Cercle Francais, 3, 4.

"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."

VERNON RITTER

Oratorical, 4; Junior Play, 3; Senior Play, 4; Hi-Y Club, 4; Vaudeville, 4.

"He was six feet o' man, A-1
Clear grit and human natur'."

KATHRYN PHILLEY

Glee Club, 1; Prom Committee, 4; Operetta, 1; Athletic Association, 3, 4.

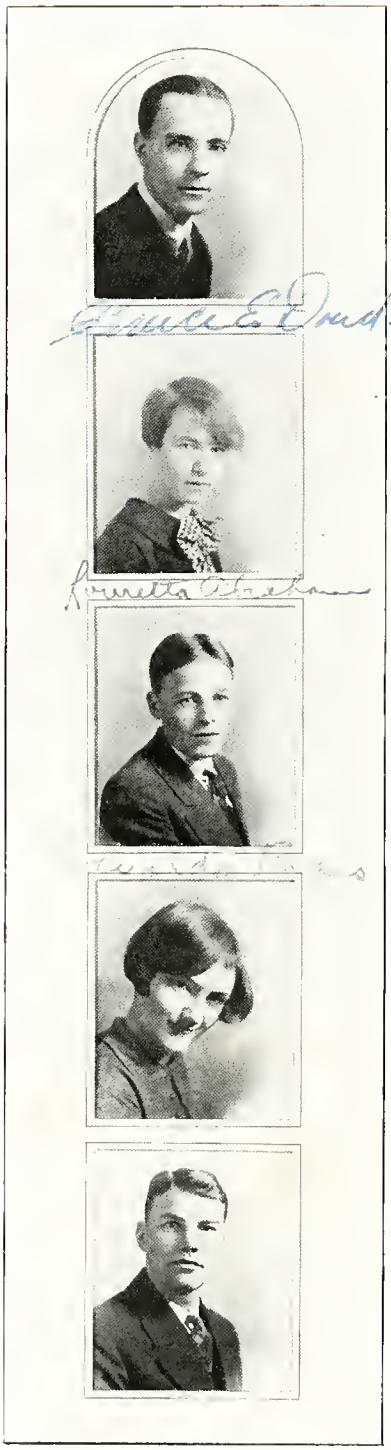
" 'Tis kinda kingdom come to look
On sich a blessed creature."

JEROME KENNY

"A good knight he."

EMMA ROBINSON

"Maiden with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!"



BRUCE DOUD

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Commercial Play, 3.
"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

LORETTA ABRAHAM

Glee Club, 2; Girls' Reserve, 4; Senior Carnival Committee. Entered Sophomore year from Chalmers, Indiana.
"And all her looks a calm disclose
Of innocence and peace."

WALDO RUESS

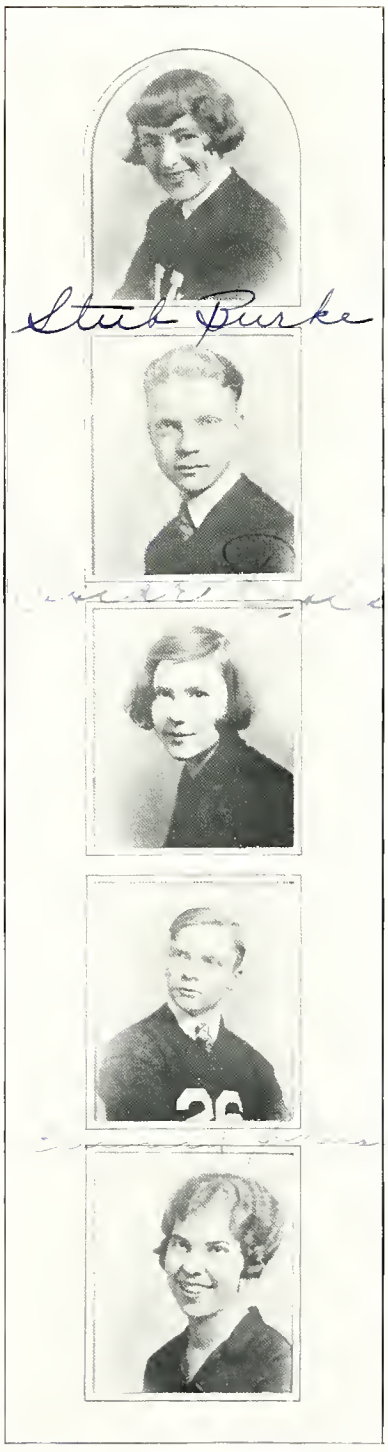
Junior Play, 3; Glee Club, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Operetta, 4; Oratorical Contest, 4; Senior Vaudeville Committee, 4; Junior-Senior Prom Committee, 3. Entered Junior year from Leonia High School, Leonia, N. J.
"His slow, wise smile
Seemed half within and half without
And full of dealings with the world."

LAURA BARTHOLOMEW

Senior Vaudeville, 3, 4; Staff Artist, 4.
"A mind at peace with all below."

JUDD BUSH

Glee Club, 3, 4; President, 2; Le Cercle Francais, 3, 4; Interclass Basketball, 2; Junior Play, 3, 4; Valenian Staff; President Athletic Association, 4; Operetta, 4; Interclass Baseball, 2, 4; Vaudeville Committee, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, 1.
"Whom not even critics criticise."



CHARLOTTE BURKE

Glee Club, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Staff, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, 2; Senior Carnival Committee, 4; Yell Leader, 3; Operetta, 3, 4; Typist, Commercial Contest,' 4.

"A dancing shape, an image gay."

OSCAR DOLCH

Orchestra, 1, 2; Glee Club, 4; Oratorical, 4; Junior Play, 3; Senior Play Committee, 4; Senior Play, 4; Vaudeville, 4; Staff, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Operetta, 4.

"Wit and wisdom were born with the man."

ALBERTA KRUDUP

Secretary-Treasurer, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Oratorical, 4; Junior Play, 3; Senior Vaudeville, 4.

"A friend who knows and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way."

EDWARD JOHNSON

Track, 3; Senior Play, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Interclass Baseball, 2, 3, 4.

"A friend to whom the shadows of long years extend."

RUTH VEVIA

Girls' Glee Club, 1; Oratorical, 3; Senior Play, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 2; Rings and Pins Committee, 4.

"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

FRED WHITE

Football, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3; Sports Editor of Valenian, 4; Basketball Captain, 4; Football Captain, 3; President of Hi-Y Club, 4.
"Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts."

EDITH SHEDD

Oratorical, 4; Operetta, 2, 4; Senior Play, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 4.
"Strong in will and rich in wisdom."

MALCOLM FYFE

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Junior Play; Senior Vaudeville; President, 3; Yell Leader, 2, 3, 4.
"E'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

MARY DELITE COWDREY

Glee Club, 1; Junior Play; Junior-Senior Prom Committee; Junior Play Committee; Senior Vaudeville Committee; Athletic Association, 3, 4.
"She builds not on the ground, but in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces."

ELDEN KUEHL

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

KATHARINE CHRISTY

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 3, 4; Staff Alumni; Le Cercle Francais, 3; Prom Committee, 3; Vaudeville Committee, 4; Commercial Play, 4; Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association, 3, 4; Vice-President, 3.

" 'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will."

LOUIS HAMACHER

Oratorical, 4; Vaudeville, 4; Junior Play, 3. Entered Sophomore year from Brook, Indiana.

"Nowhere so busy a man there n'as,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

SADIE FREDERICK

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Music Club, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 1, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Athletic Association, 3, 4; Senior Vaudeville Committee, 4; Matinee Orchestra, 1, 2.

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent."

CARTER DILLINGHAM

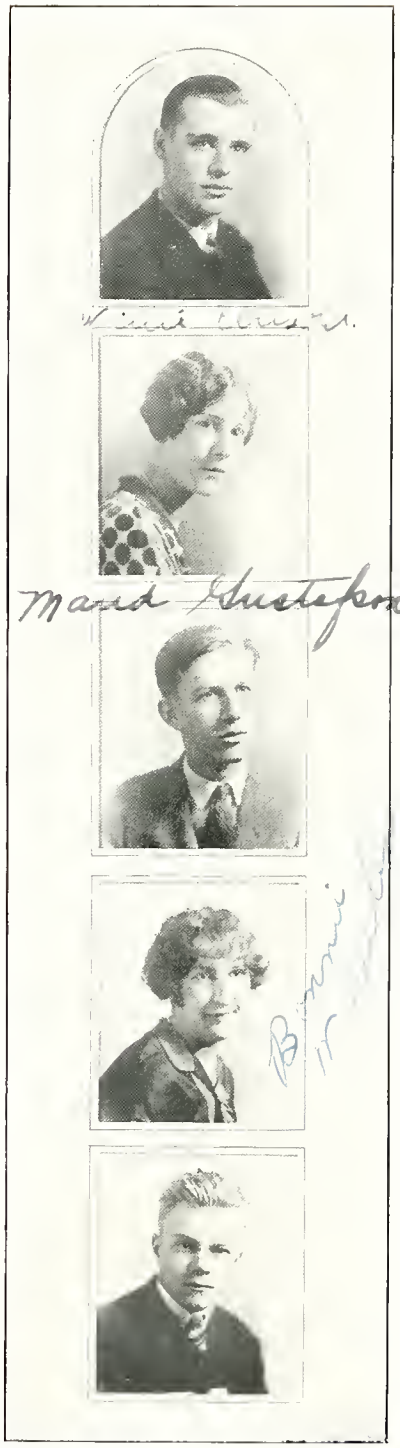
Football, 2; Junior Play, 3.

"Clean favored and imperially slim,
A gentleman from sole to crown."

MARGARET PULVER

President Le Cercle Francais, 4; Prom Committee, 3.

"Her eyes like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."



WILFORD EBERSOLD

Football, 2, 3; Glee Club, 3; Senior Play; Junior Play; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 3; Baseball, 4; Interclass Soccer, 3; Interclass Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Golf, 3.

"I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray beard king."

MAUD GUSTAFSON

Junior Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee.

"And that smile, like sunshine dart,
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

CHARLES VAN BUSKIRK

Basketball, 4; Senior Play, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Vaudeville, 4. Entered Senior year from Medaryville High School, Medaryville, Indiana.

"He never yet no villeinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight
He was a very perfect gentil knight."

BONNIE WHEELER

Glee Club, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Operetta, 4.

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

JOE GANZEL

Vaudeville, 4. Entered Senior year from Fengen High School, Chicago, Illinois.

"Short of stature he was,
But strongly built and athletic;
Broad in the shoulders, deep chested,
With muscles and sinews of iron."

JOSEPHINE HARRIS

Le Cercle Francais, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4. Entered Senior year from George Washington High School, New York City.

"The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

JACK KOZLENKO

Interclass Baseball, 3, 4. Entered Junior year from Lane Technical High School of Chicago."

"Strong, with the strength to command, to obey, to endure."

DOROTHY LANNIN

Glee Cub, 2, 4; Operetta, 2, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 1, 2, 4; Girls' Reserve, 4; Carnival Committee, 4; Valenian Staff, 4; Commercial Contest, 4.

"Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled at me."

JOHN McGINLEY

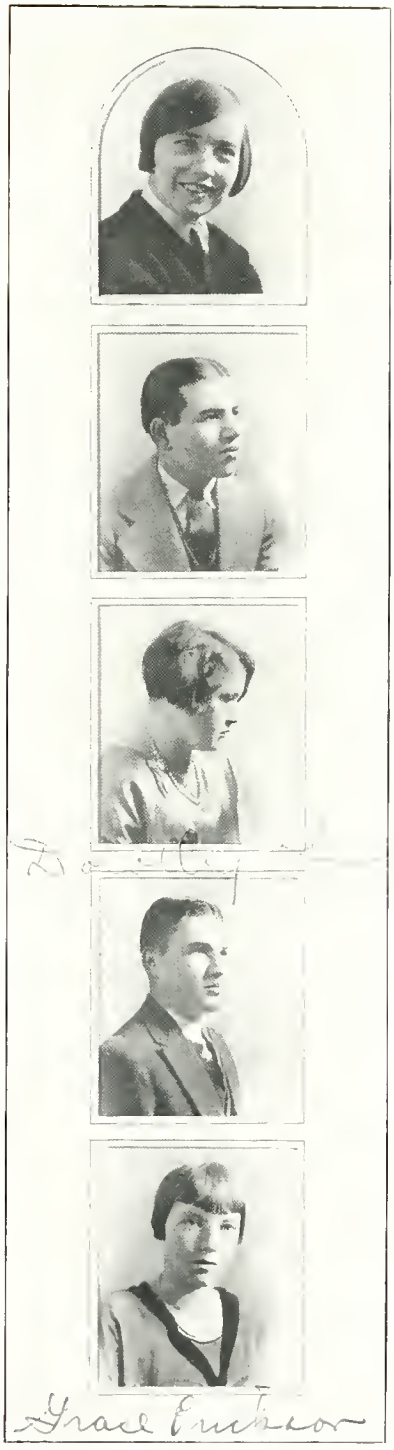
Football, 3; Basketball, 4; Junior Play, 3.

"Strong in his frame and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood."

GRACE EVELYN ERICKSON

Girls' Reserve, 4.

"A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Along life's merry way."



MARTHA PARKER

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Orchestra, 4; Oratorical, 4; Vaudeville, 4; Staff, 4; President Girls' Athletic Association, 4; Girls' Reserve, 4; Operetta, 1, 3, 4; Reception Committee, 3; Picnic Committee, 3; Latin Contest, 2, 4.

"Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms grow."

JACK ZIMMERMAN

Football, 3; Glee Club, 4; Operetta, 4; Senior Play, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Commercial Play, 3; Hi-Y, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3.

"I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great."

HELEN ZIMMERMAN

Accompanist, Operetta, 4; Accompanist Glee Club, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 2, 4; Senior Carnival Committee, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Junior Play, 3; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Freshman President; Commercial Play, 4; Commercial Contest, Typing, 4.

"In herself she dwelleth not—
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

MARCEL CINCOSKE

Junior Play, 3; Staff.

"Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs;
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

MARIAN LAMPRECHT

Glee Club, 2, 4; Operetta, 2, 4; Musicale, 2; Basketball, 3; Junior Play, 3; Senior Play, 4; Carnival, 4.

"A smile like sunshine that chases away all gloom."

LAWRENCE LINK

Glee Club, 1; Junior Play, Athletic Financial Committee, 3; Operetta, 4; Vice-President Athletic Association, 4.

"His time is forever,
Everywhere his place."

FERN GLABE

Glee Club, 3, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 3; Operetta, 3. Enter Junior year from Monon, Indiana.

"Of pensive thought and aspect pale."

LESLIE O. HALL

Glee Club, 2, 3; Operetta, 1; Operetta, 2; Vaudeville.

"Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with a delicate Saxon complexion."

HELEN JAMES

Glee Club, 1; Operetta, 3.

"Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shone."

WALTER McAULIFFE

Senior Vaudeville, 4.

"Kind as kings upon their coronation day."

Walter McAuliffe.

RICHARD BUNDY

LUCILE KUNS

Junior Play, 3; Senior Play, 4.
"Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let her frolic fancy play."

SCHUYLER MILLER

Senior Carnival, 4; Operetta, 4; Accompanist for Boys' Glee Club, 4.
"We're happy to meet
With a scholar so ripe and a critic so neat."

ELLA PITTWOOD

Glee Club, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Junior Play, 3; Girls' Reserve, 4; Operetta, 4.
"When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."

GUS MARKS

Football, 3; Glee Club, 2; Junior Play, 3; Vaudeville, 4.
"A jolly good fellow, with a ready wit—
Full of the Dickens—and good intentions."

MARGARET KRULL

JOHN FINLEY

Entered Senior year from East High School, Denver, Colorado.

"Singing he was, or floyting, all the day,
He was as fresh as is the monthe of May."

VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

I have spent four years in this building,
Four wonderful years to me;
And often in days to come,
They will fondly come back to me.

These years have been years of gladness,
Each year has been marked with toil;
It is with a feeling of sadness
That I enter Life's turmoil.

Valparaiso, I leave thee with sorrow,
And into Experience go;
Experience, the school of tomorrow,
And the school of long ago.

My diploma from Old Valparaiso,
I shall honor and keep to the last;
But my diploma from the School of Experience
Will be my epitaph.

—*Orlie Horner.*

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SENIOR CLASS ROLL

CHARLES STINCHFIELD, *President*

LORRAINE STANTON, *Vice-President*

ALBERTA KRUDUP, *Secretary*

MR. JESSEE, *Supervisor*

MISS SIEB, *Assistant Supervisor*

Abraham, Lauretta
Bartholomew, Laura
Bearss, Carleton
Bell, Lois
Blaese, Robert
Bornholt, Beatrice
Burke, Charlotte
Burns, Clyde
Bush, Judd
Cavanaugh, Pauline
Christy, Katherine
Cinkoske, Marcel
Collins, William
Cowdrey, Mary
Dillingham, Carter
Dolch, Oscar
Doud, Bruce
Ebersold, Wilford
Erickson, Grace
Erler, Margaret
Finley, John
Fyfe, Malcolm
Frederick, Sadie
Ganzel, Joe
Glabe, Fern
Gustafson, Maud
Harris, Josephine
Hall, Leslie
Hamacher, Louis
Horner, Orlie
Hughes, Margaret
James, Helen
Johnson, Edward
Kenny, Jerome
Kozlenko, Jack
Krudup, Alberta
Kuehl, Eldon
Kuns, Lucile
Lamprecht, Marian
Lannin, Dorothy
Link, Lawrence
Marks, Gus
McAuliffe, Walter
Miller, Schuyler
Miller, Wayne
McGinley, John
Parker, Martha
Philley, Kathryn
Pittwood, Ella
Pulver, Margaret
Ritter, Vernon
Robinson, Emma
Ruess, Waldo
Shedd, Edith
Stanton, Lorraine
Stinchfield, Charles
Stinchfield, Margaret
Van Buskirk, Charles
Vevia, Ruth
Wark, Irene
Wheeler, Bonnie
White, Fred
Zimmerman, Helen
Zimmerman, Jack

CLASS HISTORY

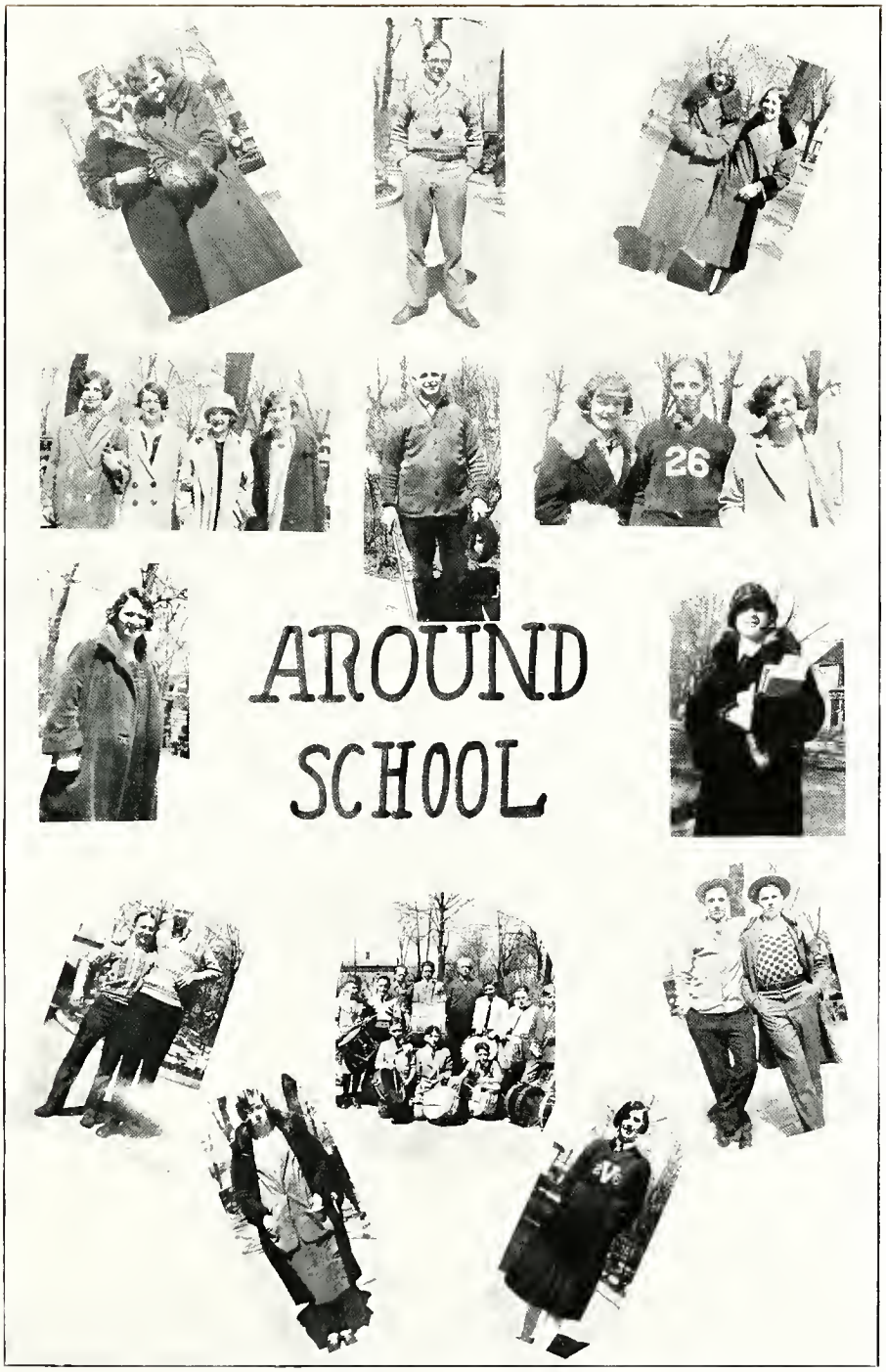
AND it was stated that some afore unmentioned Freshmen entered the Valparaiso High School in September of the year 1922. These same Freshmen, be it said to their credit, entered well, though somewhat bashful, into the activities of the High School, even unto Basketball among classes—and Baseball. For themselves, also, they had parties which were arranged by committees appointed by their President, Charles Stinchfield. And thus they passed in High School one year.

And it came about that in the next September they were Sophomores, which was much better than being Freshmen, and they made as their President, Judd Bush. In this year also they entered into the Interclass Basketball, and had parties, but with more vim and less bashfulness. And soon the second year passed.

And these same ones who had successively and successfully been Freshmen and then Sophomores, became Juniors. This year, however, besides Basketball and their Junior parties, held for them a great event which they must carefully plan and carry out. This planning they took great care with and were well rewarded by the success of the Junior-Senior Prom at the Elks' Temple. They then collected for themselves and their Seniors a great amount of delicious food to be served at Wahob Lake, but which, instead, was served in the Kindergarten rooms of the Central School because on the great day it rained.

And soon after these events there ended the third year of their High School career—and left them only one more year. This last and most delightful year they again chose Charles Stinchfield for their president. To give themselves and their class distinction, they purchased sweaters of an exceeding red color, and had upon the front of them a "V" and " '26". At Thanksgiving time they made merry and entertained the populace greatly with a carnival and vaudeville, held in their school. They began working soon thereafter on a collection of material which was to be compiled in a book and called "Valenian—'26". They worked more also and performed in a play and which was named "A Full House". The Junior-Senior Prom was immensely enjoyed by them as Seniors as was the picnic.

Then, before it seemed possible for so much to have happened, they were graduated, and they were starting out in the world, perhaps all in different ways, but all held together by the bond of memories belonging to the Class of '26 alone.


AROUND
SCHOOL

1926 PROPHECY

HAVING just arrived in Valparaiso from New York, to where I had just come after a twenty-five year sojourn in the wilds of Darkest Africa, I marvelled at the sight my eyes beheld. Here was Valparaiso, the second largest city in the state of Indiana, very much changed, indeed, from the little town it was away back in the year of 1926. I registered at the "New Vale Hotel" (Robert Blaese, proprietor), situated near the National Air Line Station, which stands on the site of the old Pennsy Railroad depot, now long extinct. I had returned to my home town to attend the silver reunion of the Class of '26 of the Valparaiso High School. It was to be a gala affair, and was to be celebrated by a banquet at the Golden Grill, the popular dining and dancing place owned by Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Marks (the latter the former Helen James), to be followed by a business and social meeting at the palatial country home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Doud (the former a well-known violinist, and the latter our old schoolmate, Grace Erickson).

The evening of the great event, as I, in the company of Margaret Krull, the famous fancier of horses, proceeded to the scene of the banquet, I noticed that many interesting buildings had literally "sprung up" during my absence. Across from the Postoffice, occupying the entire block, where used to be Bernhardt's clothing store, and other small buildings, stood the majestic Rivoli theatre, owned by the National Theatre Corporation, of which Alberta Krudup was the president. On the site of the old Premier theatre was the eleven-story department store, owned and operated by Messrs. Link and Dolch (Lawrence and Oscar). Where Meagher's drug store used to stand, an electric sign informed us that the building was occupied by "La Salon de Beautie des Mlles. Emma et Pauline," owned by none other than our old friends, Emma Robinson and Pauline Cavanaugh.

The corner of Washington and Jefferson Streets was our destination, for there was located the Golden Grill, occupying a half block, on the site of the old Vassaw printing shop and other buildings. It was indeed an architectural masterpiece, built by Horner and McAuliffe, contractors, and decorated by Elden Kuehl, Valparaiso's foremost painter and decorator.

While the guests were assembling in the banquet hall, the Symphony Jazz Orchestra, under the able leadership of Sadie Frederick, filled the place with sweet strains of music. Through the ever-ready wit of the toastmaster—Marcel Cincoske, millionaire manufacturer of curling irons—we were kept in a very merry mood throughout the course. The first speaker on the program was our permanent president—Charles Stinchfield, mayor of our fair city. "Well," said he, "it is indeed fortunate that our class is so well represented on this great occasion. I am pleased to say

that everyone is present but the Reverend Clyde Burns, who cabled me from his mission station in Siam, and said that due to the civil war in that country he would be unable to leave. I see that some of you have traveled great distances to be here tonight. Helen Zimmerman has come from Vienna, Austria, where she is the conductor of the Royal Orchestra; Josephine Harris, the star dancer of the "Follies Bergere", made the trip from Paris is a special plane in order that she might be here; Senator Charles Van Buskirk and Representative Beatrice Bornholt asked Congress to grant them special leave to attend this affair; Professor Louis Hamacher, who was excavating in ancient Greece, has come from afar to be here with us; John Finley, the owner of a large kangaroo ranch in Australia, has traveled a great distance to be among those present to-night; and Ruth Vevia, Kathryn Philley, and Margaret Pulver, social workers in Yucatan, have come a great many miles to witness this occasion. I notice that no one's physiological features have changed save those of Schuyler Miller, the designer of ladies' wearing apparel, who has become quite stout. I am certainly very proud to be among so distinguished a group of people as I see before me."

After interesting talks by Judd Bush (biologist, who wrote "The Metamorhposis of An Anteater"); Irene Wark, city councilman; Bonnie Wheeler, policewoman, and Lauretta Abraham, phrenologist, we all went out, and were borne away to the Doud estate in cars furnished by Kenny and Company (auto manufacturers). Immediately after our gathering in the spacious living room, we elected Katherine Christy vice-president and Alberta Krudup treasurer. It was decided that the next reunion be held at Lakeside, Mississippi, at the beautiful summer home of Lucile Kuns, the wife of a millionaire soap manufacturer of St. Louis.

The rest of the evening was spent in entertainment. We were delighted with several entrancing piano solos by Lorraine Stanton, a renowned concert artist. Malcolm Fyfe, sexton of the city cemetery, redered a beautiful selection on the trombone. The famous vaudeville quartet—Bundy, Burk, Oldham, and Ruess—supplied much laughter with their numerous stunts. We then adjourned to the dancing room, where under the captivating music of Miss Frederick's orchestra, we danced until a late hour. As we were departing, I overheard our president remark to our host:

"Yes, and there was Laura Bartholomew, the artist and illustrator; Lois Bell, the wife of a local druggist; Professor William Collins, who discovered why the moon and the sun are so far apart; Mary Cowdrey, state treasurer; Carter Dillingham, chemist; Jacob Kozlenko, sign painter; Fern Glabe, mathematician; Leslie Hall, a millionaire tin manufacturer; Margaret Hughes, wife of a well-known groceryman; Marian Lamprecht, the

world's champion shorthand reporter; Wayne Miller, manufacturer of Miller's Magic Mops; Vernon Ritter, the noted public speaker; Margaret Stinchfield, the wife of a famous journalist; Dr. Edith Shedd, nerve specialist, and Jack Zimmerman, editor and publisher of the Valparaiso Daily Bugle. I was indeed surprised to see Valpo High School's faculty so well represented, too, with Margaret Erler principal, Joe Ganzel professor of geometry, Maud Gustafson domestic science instructor, Edward Johnson Latin professor, Martha Parker supervisor of music, and Ella Pittwood teacher of English and political economy. What surprised me most, though, is that our boys, famous in 1926 for their athletic ability, have become dictators of sports throughout the United States—Fred White, now the successor of Stagg, at Chicago, Wilfred Ebersold taking Yost's post at Michigan, and John McGinley, the coach that made Valparaiso High School famous in the athletic world. Truly, the Class of 1926, with so many of its members so worldly prominent, has much to be thankful for."

—*Dorothy Lannin.*

AN OLD ROAD

A narrow brown lane twists over the hills,
  And stretches away in the distance;
It's a lovely old road, where a peacefulness fills
  The cool air; and bees hum in the clover
That stands tall by the edge. A dark wood on one side;
  To the north rough fields and a farm house,
And a marsh where rank grasses for ages have died,
  And have fallen, making way for the new growths.
There's a sturdy old bridge spanning over a stream
  That is shadowed by weather-scarred willows.
This old road—what a place to roam and to dream
  On a very fine day in the summer.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

STATE OF INDIANA,
County of Porter.

WE, the Class of 1926 of the Valparaiso High School, residents of the City of Valparaiso, County of Porter, State of Indiana, realizing the nearness of the day of our departure from our beloved High School, do solemnly publish this, our Last Will and Testament.

First—We leave our undying loyalty to our dear old V. H. S. to the present and future students of said school.

Second—to the Juniors we will our love for red as a class distinction color—may they carry on the precedent set by '25.

Third—We will our perseverance to the Sophomores—that they may struggle through and come up smiling in '28 with this "grand and glorious feeling".

Fourth—Our stature and dignity we will to the "wee" Freshmen, that they may command the respect of their underclassmen and seem as powerful to them as we assume we are to the present-day "Freshies".

In addition to these bequests, we wish to make the following:

1. Lauretta Abraham's good disposition to Crystal Danielson.
2. Laura Bartholomew's studiousness to Edythe Kulp.
3. Carleton Bearss' rosy complexion to Irene Lutz.
4. Lois Bell's devotion to one boy to "Liz" Fyfe.
5. "Bob" Blaese's attraction to the women to Stanley Alms.
6. "Bea" Bornholt's aptness at drawing to Henry Poncher.
7. Charlotte Burke's pep to Pearl Wheeler and Hester Foley.
8. Clyde Burns' capability as editor to all future editors of the Valenian.
9. Judd Bush's "line" to Deloss Schleman.
10. Pauline Cavanaugh's knowledge of Physiology to George Howser.
11. "Kate" Christy's lithe figure to Wilma Jensen.
12. Marcel Cinkoske's perfect marcel to Dorrinne St. Clair.
13. William Collins' ability as staff photographer to all future "Snap-Shot Eds."
14. Mary Cowdrey's clever remarks to John Ellis.
15. Carter Dillingham's concentrative ability to Howard Moltz.
16. Oscar Dolch's blushes to "Ollie" Ewing.
17. Bruce Doud's talent as a violinst to the violinists of the future V. H. S. orchestras.
18. Wilford Ebersold's happy-go-lucky ways to those who have a tendency towards serious-mindedness.

19. Grace Erickson's straight hair to "Reg" Hildreth.
20. Margaret Erler's business-like attitude in her classes to George Christy.
21. John Finley's pugilistic ability to Albert Whitaker.
22. "Buck" Fyfe's laugh to Wayne Allerton.
23. Sadie Frederick's jazz-playing ability to Tracy Swarthout.
24. Joe Ganzel's friendliness to Carrol Anderson.
25. Fern Glabe's affable nature to Alice Schellinger.
26. Maud Gustafson's demureness to Alice Nelson.
27. Leslie Hill's strolls with his fair lady to next year's tall blonde Senior and his fair lady. (Dan Wood and "?").
28. Louis Hamacher's and Edward Johnson's surplus knowledge to Dayton Stanton. (He *might* use it.)
29. Orlie Horner's grin to Joe Stephanson.
30. Margaret Hughes' devotion to her sister to "Peg" Aylesworth.
31. Helen James' art in applying rouge and powder to Edith Ludington.
32. Jerome Kenny's and Jack Zimmerman's lasting friendship to Franklin Lunbeck and Clark Ferrel.
33. Jack Kozlenko's natural business instinct to Ray Nichols.
34. Albert Krudup's charming personality to Helen Rathjen.
35. Margaret Krull's quiet nature to "Dot" DeWitt.
36. Elden Kuehl's Ford to "Dot" Ellis.
37. Lucile Kuns' talkativeness to Helen Thatcher.
38. Marian Lamprecht's real red hair to Stephan Deckro.
39. Dorothy Lannin's avoirdupois to "Peb" Thune.
40. Lawrence Link's attraction to the girls to future "would-be" shieks.
41. Gus Mark's industry to Henry Eschell.
42. Walter McAuliffe's ready smile to Roy Bundy.
43. John McGinley's agreeable nature to Jim Bauer.
44. "Bud" Miller's taste in women's clothes to the girls.
45. Wayne Miller's quiet attitude to Merton Norris and Rollie Bernhart.
46. Martha Parker's oratorical success to Phyllis Parker, so the gift of oratory may be kept in the family.
47. "Kate" Philley's winning smile to Russell Shinabarger.
48. Ella Pittwood's hard-working attitude to "Had" Ruge.
49. Margaret Pulver's bustling ways to John Wise.
50. Vernon Ritter's gift of public speaking to Langdon Murvihill.
51. Emma Robinson's reserve to Naomi Spindler.
52. Waldo Ruess' bashfulness (?) to Donald Will.

53. Edith Shedd's power of expression to "Freckles" Davidson.

54. Lorraine Stanton's musical ability to those who want it and need it.

55. Charles Stinchfield's skill as class president to the presidents of the future Senior classes.

56. Margaret Stinchfield's E's on her report card to her young brother, Melvin.

57. Charles Van Buskirk's pretended egotism to John James.

58. Ruth Vevia's ableness to wear red to Grace Salmon, who likes it so well.

59. Bonnie Wheeler's love for frogs in Physiology lab. to David Worden.

60. Fred White's athletic prowess to Bill Allerton.

61. Helen Zimmerman's patience in rehearsals to the future accompanist of the V. H. S. annual operetta.

62. Jack Zimmerman's love for argument to Ralph St. Clair.

In Witness Whereof, We, the Class of 1926, have hereunto set our hand and seal this 12th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS OF '26.

This 23th day of April, A. D. 1926.

Witnesses:

Judd Bush.

Clyde Burns.

A FRIEND

A friend is a person who stands by your side,
Tho' troubles may come like a great rising tide;
Who gives up a home when yours may be lost,
Who gives you new heart when yours is storm-tossed.

A friend is a person who shares in your life
The full beauty of happiness saved from the strife;
Who sighs with you, cries with you, smiles with you—then
Asks for his reward—"just call me your friend."

—*Marguerite Aylesworth.*

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN ANNE

IN the gray, sage-brush country of northwestern Colorado is a famous hangout for cattle and horse thieves. Some time ago that hangout, which is known as "the hole in the wall," was ruled over by a young woman known as "Queen Anne".

People for many miles around knew of her daring group of followers and also of her own dauntless character. There came a time when they feared her, and that fear grew so fast that a protest against her band was made to the government in Washington.

Time and time again men were sent into the bad lands of the "hole in the wall," but none ever returned. Alarmed at this situation, the United States government offered a prize, six hundred and sixty acres of land and $5,000 cash, to anyone responsible for the capture and arrest of the notorious queen of the outlaws.

That reward aroused an old-timer by the name of Winslow. One day he discovered that everyone except "Queen Anne" was absent from the "hole in the wall". Being quicker on the draw than she, he had little difficulty in capturing her.

Her trial was held at Craig, then a small town of three hundred inhabitants. Many times the trial was postponed, anticipating the arrival of the militia, but the people would wait no longer. The town was filled with strange and vicious looking men.

When it seemed as if the settlers were about to hang "Queen Anne", the men from the bad lands slipped in, took "Queen Anne" and prepared to leave for the old hangout.

But they had overlooked one opponent. Lee Winslow, wise enough to realize the situation, had gone to Cheyenne and had summoned the state militia, which had placed their camp near the town.

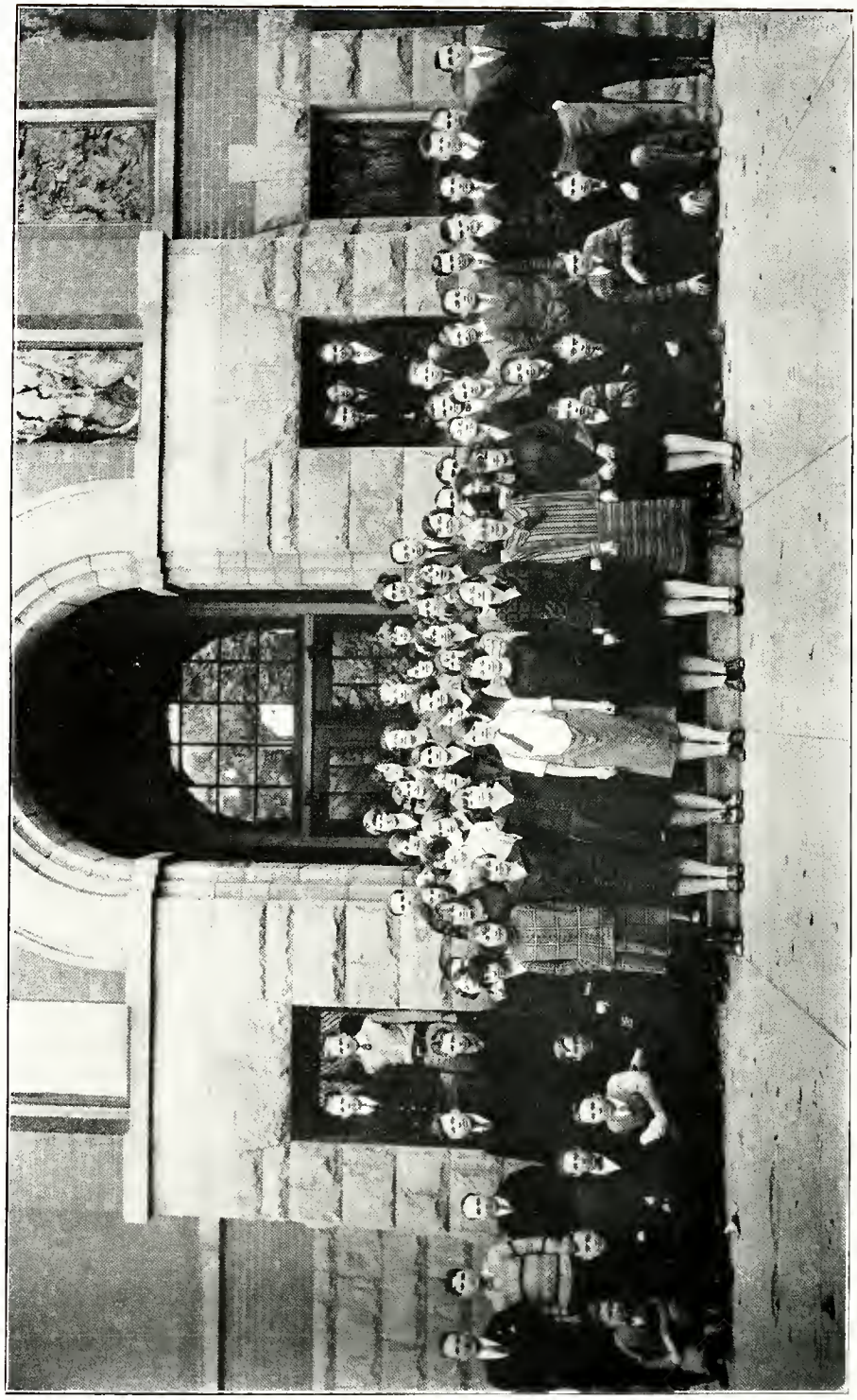
They were ready, and upon Winslow's signal surrounded the town, capturing all the outlaws.

The rest need not be told, but for those who would like to know, "Queen Anne" is now in the state prison, serving a life term. The other members of her gang were given life imprisonment and two were sentenced to death.

In a cabin far up in the mountains lives a man who can tell the strange story of the capture and trial of "Queen Anne"—a man who is loved, admired and feared by many people. That man is Lee Winslow.

—John Finley.

JUNIOR



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

DONALD WILL, *President*

VERNA SHERRICK, *Vice-President*

MARGUERITE AYLESWORTH, *Secretary*

MR. PAULEY, *Supervisor*

MISS HAZELY, *Assistant Supervisor*

Adams, Alice
Allerton, Wayne
Atwell, Margaret
Aylesworth, Marguerite
Bloomquist, Edith
Bailey, Eunice
Barkley, Allen
Bauer, Lloyd
Black, Paul
Bowman, Otis
Bundy, Richard
Cain, Mary Rhue
Clifford, Mary
Corson, William
Dahl, Arthur
Darst, Kellogg
Deardoff, Thelma
DeWitt, Dorothy
Dick, Margaret
Dillingham, Russell
Eaton, Adaline
Ellis, Dorothy
Ellis, John
Fairchild, Foster
Ferrel, Clark
Freeman, Althea
Field, Thelma
Hanley, Ellen
Hinkle, Herbert
Horner, Erla
Howser, George
Hughes, Martha
Jarvis, Viola
Kinne, Lorraine
Krull, Margaret
LaTour, Edmund
Lindholm, Paul
Link, Bernice
London, George
Ludington, Harry
Lutz, Irene
Lytle, Richard
Maxwell, Loring
McNay, Margaret
Miller, Henry
Mohnsen, Raymond
Mooker, Vernon
Murvihill, Charles
McAuliffe, Audrey
Neff, Marguerite
Nehring, Martin
Norris, Merton
Oldham, Kenneth
Parry, Frances
Poncher, Henry
Phares, Marvin
Rathman, Eva
Rigg, Auretta
Ritz, Dorothy
Schau, Clyde
Schleman, Delos
Seymour, Wilford
Shauer, Audrey
Shauer, Charlotte
Sherrick, Verna
Small, Mary
Smith, Arnold
Smith, Bernice
Spindler, Naomi
St. Clair, Ralph
Swartout, Tracy
Trahan, Maribel
Vevia, Loraine
Welch, Charlotte
Will, Donald
Wood, Daniel
Wheeler, Pearl
Wheeler, Ralph

THE SALESMAN

Did you ever stop to see
How hard a salesman's job must be?
At each small store he makes a stop,
To see if the stock is at the top.

He's on the road both night and day,
Traveling the country in his coupe,
Selling soaps, pickles, and all canned goods,
Dried fruits, baking powders and other foods.

Some salesmen sell salt and flour by the barrel,
Still others handle people's wearing apparel,
Dress suits, dress hats, caps and hosiery,
But these, you see, are not sold to a grocery.

Whatever salesmen there may be,
One will always be sure to see,
That all can talk, all know the towns,
And that's the way they make their rounds.

—*Sadie Frederick.*

A SURE SIGN

Oh, Spring is here,
  The robins say,
"How can you doubt,
  This warm, bright day?"
For soon the birds
  Their eggs will lay,
And through dead leaves,
  The flowers, all gay,
Will laugh for joy.
  'Twill soon be May.

I *know* 'tis Spring,
  And how? This way:
A boy sent me
  A "poem" today!

—*Edith Shedd.*

SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

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MRS. SCHENCK, *Assistant Supervisor*

Agnew, John
Albright, Rosemary
Anderson, Carrol
Baker, Ruth
Barber, Mildred
Barneko, Kathryn
Bernhart, Rollie
Betz, Howard
Billings, Terry
Black, George
Brown, Mildred
Bundy, Roy
Cain, Mahlon
Chester, Helen
Collins, Mary
Corson, Mildred
Crowe, Roy
Davison, Edward
Deer, Herbert
Dolson, Dorothy
De Laney, Lois
Edinger, Helen
Ealing, Margaret
Eschell, Henry
Ewing, Oliver
Fehrman, Rose
Field, Leslie
Fisher, Bonnie
Fisher, Margaret
Foley, Hester
Ford, Mary
Froberg, Eugene
Fox, John
Gibbs, Marybelle
Gray, Homer
Gratton, Mildred
Gustafson, Ethel
Gustafson, Robert
Hallawell, Ralph
Hammann, Frederic
Hanley, Charlotte
Hansen, Irene
Higley, Lois
Hildreth, Reg.
Hindenberg, Lee
Horner, Theresa
James, John
Jensen, Wilma
Jones, Charles
Kulp, Edyth
LaRue, Charles
Leetz, Harlin
Lemar, Marguerite
Lininger, Lafleeta
Linkimer, Edith
Lish, Clark
Lowenstine, Maurice
Lunbeck, Franklin
Madaus, Virginia
Martens, Elvin
Matt, Gladys
Miller, William
MisKimmins, Irl
Moltz, Howard
Mosher, Dale
Mosher, Kenneth
Nelson, Alice
Newsom, Florence
Newsom, Glenn
Nichols, Arthur
Oglesby, Mildred
Ostedt, Esther
Parker, Phyllis
Parry, David
Perry, George
Pinkus, Florence
Powell, Martha Mae
Peoples, Eileen
Rickman, Stella
Ritz, Robert
Ruge, Harry
Rockenstein, Mary Lucille
Salman, Grace
Schellinger, Alice
Schumacker, Harold
Sheets, Harley
Sheets, Mabel
Shephard, Jane
Shurr, Kenneth
Spencer, Regal
Spencer, Minnie
Sievers, Anita
Stanton, Dayton
Stinchfield, Melvin
Stubblefield, Myrtle
Terry, Thurman
Thatcher, Helen
Thune, Robert
Whitaker, Albert
Williams, Wilford
Wood, Martha
Worden, David
Wittenberg, Frances
Zimmerman, Ellouise

A POEM ?

When something bad has happened
And you're worried sick and blue,
Don't you want to kill yourself?
If you feel like me you do.

The world seems topsy-turvy,
And it seems you've ne'er a friend;
If you feel the way that I do,
Then you know that it's the end.

If then the world gets bright,
And you release your care,
And then you brighten up and sing,
And think your life you'll spare.

Don't you have a funny feeling
When all the trouble's o'er?
Don't you feel, Oh, so happy,
Twice as much as e'er before?

—*Malcolm Fyfe.*

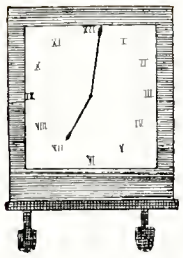
DEATH OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S FATHER

Snow was falling all the way,
Softly and still into the sleigh,
Upon which the body lay,
So soon to be laid in the earth.

Sadly, with heads bowed and bared,
Teardrops fell from those who cared,
As they lowered the coffin, gently prepared,
Especially made from birch.

End of a long and useful life,
Spent in Vermont, away from strife;
Now to lie beside his wife,
Forever to be revered.

—*Leslie O. Hall.*



FRESH-MAN

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

WILLIAM SKINNER, *President*

JACK MILLER, *Vice-President*

GEORGE MARIS, *Secretary*

MISS NEET, *Supervisor*

MISS WELTY, *Assistant Supervisor*

Allerton, William
Alms, Stanley
Anderson, Martin
Anderson, Warren
Atwell, Bernice
Auble, Edna
Aylesworth, Ida
Baker, Arvella
Bauer, Bennett
Black, Raeburn
Barkley, Agnes
Babcock, Ethel
Butterfield, Bonnie
Buzalski, Kathryn
Beach, Ezra
Beach, Gerald
Bentley, Lewis
Bilbo, Jane
Bodenheimer, Aaron
Bond, William
Brown, Gerald
Brown, Robert
Brummitt, William
Boyer, Jean
Chester, Leona Mae
Christy, George
Claussen, Vernon
Clay, Louise
Clifford, Edward
Coash, Donald
Danielson, Crystal
Dittman, Viola
Dodd, Irene
Darst, Ruth
Deckro, Stephen
Dermon, Zigman
De Witt, Marion
Durand, Gordon
Edinger, Lloyd
Eick, Bennett
Emmert, Joe
Engel, Chester
Erickson, Arthur
Elling, David
Frame, Dauphine
Field, Howard
Filgiano, Marion
Forney, Kathryn
Foster, Henry
Frailey, Leland
Frakes, Alice
Fyfe, Elizabeth
Field, Floyd
Gast, Edith
Glover, Ruth
Grau, Leonard
Gregory, Mary Alice
Gunder, Francis
Hall, Grace
Henderlong, Clarence
Hollett, Rachel
Hack, Vermeita
Jarvis, Roman
Johnson, Helen
Johnson, Irene
James, Maxine
Jones, Catherine
Kimerer, Joseph
Kinne, Grace
Kindt, George
Kinzie, Maurine
Lannin, Charles
Le Pell, Harold
London, Arnold
Leslie, Bernice
Lindall, Butler
Lutz, Bertha
Lytle, Cordelia
Lytle, Donald
Ludington, Edith
Maris, George
Marshall, Donald
Miller, John
Murvihill, Marquis
McMahon, Mabel
McNeeley, Rex
Mead, Franklin
Mead, Genetha
Miller, Jack
Mitzner, Roger
Mosier, Mary Helen
Mundell, Elmore
Murvihill, Langdon
Nichols, Ray
Olson, Verdier
Palmer, Dorothy
Philips, Robert
Philley, William
Raddatz, Carl
Raelson, Arthur
Raelson, Emma
Rathjen, Helen
Richards, Lottie
Richards, Violette
Rickard, Charles
Rigg, Newell
Robinson, Thelma
Schau, Christy
Schultz, Claribel
Seymour, Hershel
Shinabarger, Clarence
Shinabarger, Russell
Sholes, Jeanette
Sisson, Maurine
Sheley, Marjorie
Sherwood, Ruth
Sisson, Perry
Specht, Betty
Steward, Anna Mae
Struve, Edna
Skinner, William
Smith, Myron
Smith, Thomas
St. Clair, Dorinne
Stevenson, Joe
Stevenson, John
Stinchfield, Kathleen
Strong, Avis
Snow, Lenore
Thatcher, Loreine
Trahan, Dorothy
Von Doehern, Roselle
Williams, Donna
Wade, Estella
Waldorph, Harry
Walker, Musa
Wark, Ethel
Wark, Harry
Wark, John
Wise, John
Wyman, Estella
Wyland, Margaret

TO THE FRESHMEN

Oh, fret not, fair Freshmen,
For the high school days to come.
We, Seniors, have enjoyed them—
The days of our curriculum.

Oh, fear not, fretting Freshmen,
Thou, too, wilt Seniors be.
Four years minus one
Leaves you only three.

Oh, sigh not, saddened Freshmen,
As our parting day draws near;
The Seniors will ne'er forget thee—
Come and give us a cheer.

—*Kathryn Philley.*

A POEM

We are the gods of the north,
Mightiest of all,
Despots of heaven and earth,
And lords of Valhall.
Daily our warriors ride forth
To fight and to fall.
Mighty our warriors recall,
Their spirits to feast at Valhall.
We be the gods of the north,
Ne'er shall we fall!

—*Elden Kuehl.*

THE WORLD ROLLS MERRILY ON

THE hurried shuffling of papers, a drawer banged shut, the swift scurry of departing feet, the slam of a door, then—silence. The last of the office force had departed and the general offices of the "Creighton Manufacturing Co." were deserted and still.

In an inner office, the door of which bore the word "Private", a man, seated behind a large mahogany desk, started as one suddenly awaken from a dream at the slam of the door. He rose slowly and unsteadily to his feet and crossed the room to the door. He opened it and glanced into the empty office beyond as if to make sure that none of the clerks remained. Satisfied, apparently, at the result of his survey, he closed the door, re-crossed the room, dropped heavily into the chair he had just left and rested his head in his hands.

In appearance Robert Creighton, President of the "Creighton Manufacturing Co., was not different from scores of business men to be seen in the offices in the "Loop" every day. Tall, of medium weight, with shoulders slightly stooped from years of bending over a desk, yet with a set to his head that denoted one used to exercising authority, iron gray hair and twinkling blue eyes set in a not altogether unkindly face; not at all a man to attract any great amount of attention. On this evening as he sat, or rather huddled, in his chair, a heavy sigh now and then escaping him, he looked the picture of utter despair.

At last Creighton roused himself and picked up some letters that lay open upon the table before him. Here was one from his banker—the phrases burned like fire:

> "We are sorry, Mr. Creighton, but we cannot extend you the additional credit that you ask. In fact, it is my painful duty to inform you that unless you take up your note for $50,000.00 immediately and also cover your overdraft we shall be forced to start foreclosure proceedings."

Another, from one of his creditors, read:

> "We shall have to cancel the order you now have on file unless you make a substantial payment on your account."

There were others, all telling the same story, but Creighton pushed them impatiently aside. He reached, for the hundredth time, for the telegram (he already knew it word for word) he had received just before closing time:

> "Looks impossible. Steinholtz has everything sewed up. Terribly sorry, Old Man. *"Thomas Graham."*

Savagely he threw the telegram aside. Tom, his best salesman, had been sent to Detroit to bid on a big contract. If he could land it, all was well—he could pay his banker and his creditors and once more look the world straight in the eye. But now—! He started to get up, when his eye was caught and held by some verses on the open page of a magazine:

"I remember when in boyhood,
Just a step advanced from toyhood,
When in through the schoolroom window floated sweet the wild birds' call,
I would close my desk at dinner,
Like a hardened little sinner,
Lock up every care and worry, just play hookey from it all."

* * * * * * * *
* * * * and my littered
Desk became the ink-bespattered desk my school days used to know.
And I'm wishing, wishing, wishing,
I might steal off somewhere * * *
Lock up every care and worry, just play hookey from it all."

"Oh, God! If I only could!" groaned Creighton, as he sank back into the chair and again covered his face with his hands. "I've fought and worked; God alone knows how hard I've tried but it seems as if there is no use; I'm whipped, beaten, down and out, and no one cares! Why should I struggle longer? Oh, Ruth (raising his head and addressing the picture on his desk of his dead wife), Ruth, what shall I do? You've helped me fight so many battles, can't you help me this once more?"

But the smiling face gave back no answer and with a groan he again dropped his head into his hands.

The "Creighton Manufacturing Co.," like many another business, had been caught in the aftermath of the Great War and failure had seemed certain. But Robert Creighton had fought grimly on—encouraged and strengthened by his loving wife—surmounting obstacle after obstacle, until he had brought his company safely into the harbor of Normalcy. Then had come the fire demon! Swift, sure, unexpected—it had found him under-insured; then had come a lull in business. Failure after failure, heart-breaking in their cruelty, had pursued the unlucky man, but still he had fought on. Then (it seemed to Creighton as if God Himself must be arrayed against him) had come the death of his beloved wife! She who had fought side by side with him and had loved and comforted him; and never, even when things looked blackest and anger loomed the most menacing, had given up hope, failed in courage, or allowed her trust in him to falter. *She* was taken from him. Had it not been for the memory of her he would not

have kept going as long as he had, but, somehow, the sweet memory of her had kept him from breaking under the strain.

At last had come a glimmer of hope—a rift in the clouds—the Detroit job; and he had sent faithful old Tom, the best man he had, confident that somehow or other Tom would get the contract. And now, Tom's message: "Impossible . . . . . I'm sorry, Old Man." This was the end; all those years of struggle, heartache and suffering had come to this! Robert Creighton was through. Tomorrow he must close forever the doors of the company that bore his name; must face his employees and tell them that he did not have the money to pay them. Yes, it was a hard, bitter ending, and many a stronger man than he would have welcomed a chance to play hookey.

* * * * * * *

"Just play hookey from it all," murmured Robert Creighton, brokenly, as he reached into his desk and drew out a pistol. He got up, closed his filing cabinet, locked the safe, straightened the papers on his desk, and went through the ordinary routine of preparing to leave the office. Re-seating himself, he took up his wife's photograph.

"Ruth, I'm going to play hookey. There's no use fighting any longer; I'm beaten. I can't bear the end; I'm quitting. You understand, don't you, darling? I'm leaving it all and coming to you."

He placed her picture carefully back in its accustomed place, picked up the pistol, pressed it to his temple and pulled the trigger!

* * * * * * *

It did not worry Robert Creighton that he was being wafted away from his crumpled body, sprawled grotesquely across the desk; that he was leaving his business, his home and his associates, and being carried gently—he knew not where. He felt strangely happy and light hearted.

Mysteriously he found himself seated on a bench in a beautiful garden, and through the trees he caught glimpses of a stately palace that glittered like gold in the sunshine. Then he heard a soft, sweet voice speaking his name and turned to see his wife standing before him!

He jumped to his feet and would have embraced her, but with a wave of her hand she motioned him to be seated.

"No, dear," she smiled sadly at him, "you cannot take me in your arms. In this beautiful land there is room for Happiness only; and Happiness, dear, is the reward of work well done. How glad I would have been to welcome you, had you only finished your fight, but you *quit!* Oh, my dear, how could you? Why didn't you fight it out as you have always done? Then we could have been happy together through all eternity. Now—it must be 'Good-bye', dear." She kissed him lightly and was gone!

As he arose from the bench he saw a beckoning hand and beyond it a dark, forboding cavern. The hand, motioning for him to follow, vanished into the gloom of the cavern. With a gesture of resignation and despair he started to follow, where he knew not.

* * * * * * *

The sun shone brightly through the window of his office and the clock on the wall showed five minutes of eight when Robert Creighton lifted his head and with a perplexed look gazed around at the familiar scene. He thought that it must be another part of the hideous dream until he saw the pistol lying on the floor at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, broke it, and saw—an empty chamber!

That explained it all. His jagged, worn-out nerves had given way when he pressed the gun to his temple and he had fainted; the faint had merged into a sleep. It had all been a dream!

He looked at the picture of his wife, and suddenly a light of understanding broke over his face. Tenderly he picked up the picture.

"Oh, what a fool I've been; what a coward, a weakling! You've shown me the only right and manly way, Ruth. God bless you! Somehow, I'm going to win now."

When his Secretary came in a few minutes later she was surprised to see Creighton busily engaged opening the safe. "Aren't you rather early this morning?" she asked.

"Yes, but we have a busy day ahead of us, Miss Lewis," he replied cheerfully, "so I thought I'd get an early start. 'The early bird catches the worm,' you know."

"Telegram for you, sir," called Jimmy, the office boy.

With trembling hands he opened it:

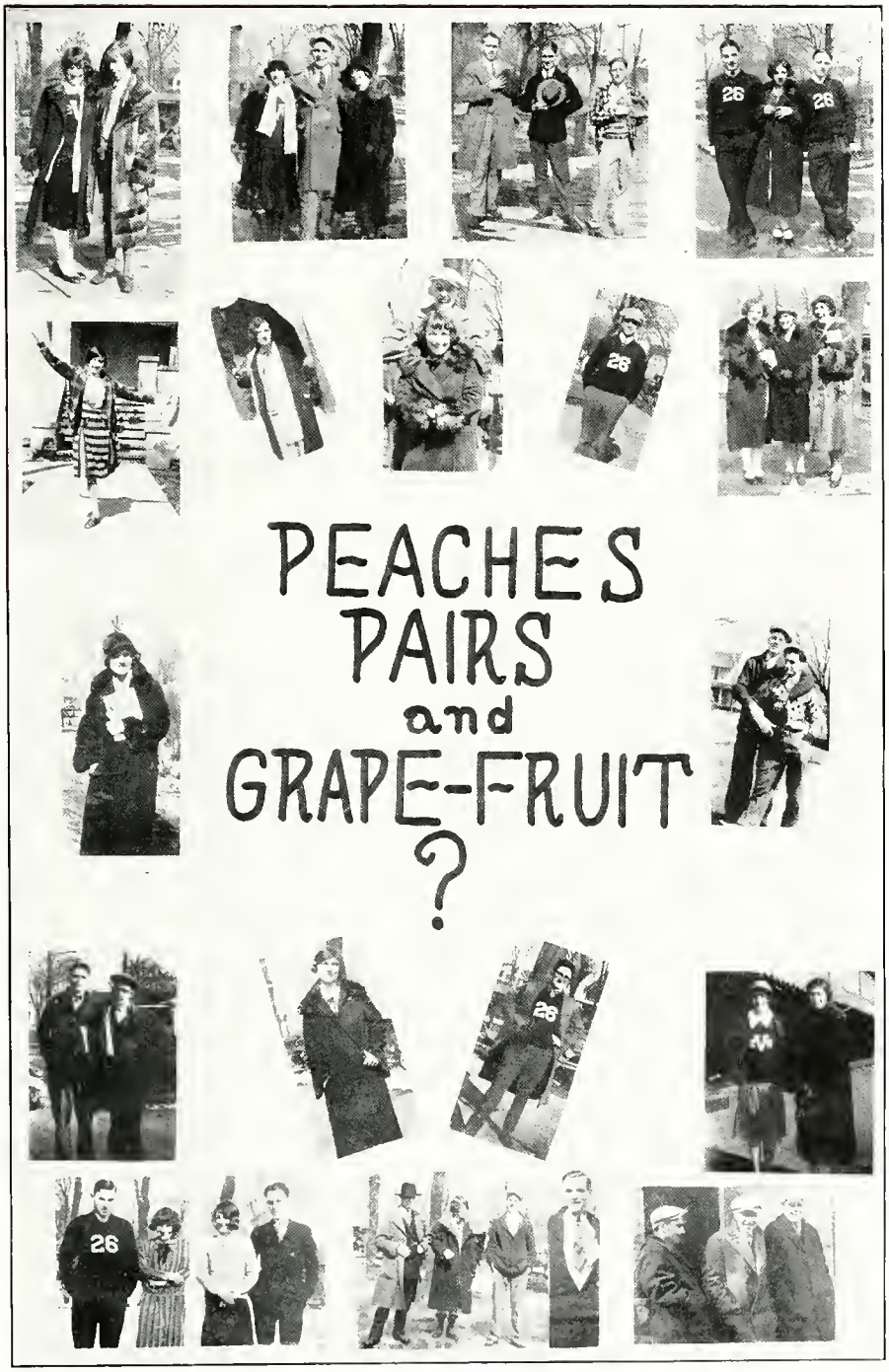
"Wonderful news! Got contract at last minute. Coming in tonight.

"Graham."

"Good old Tom always comes through; I wish I had more men like him," murmured Creighton. He picked up the picture of his wife:

"I thank you, Ruth," he said aloud. Then, before the astonished Miss Lewis had recovered from her amazement at the strange actions of her employer, he turned to her, once more the keen, alert man of business:

"Take a letter to the First National Bank, Miss Lewis."


PEACHES
PAIRS
and
GRAPE-FRUIT
?

TO THE TEACHERS OF VALPARAISO HIGH

Says the Frosh of the teachers:—
"Every day
At four P. M.
I hang around
And hope
To get
A smile
Of recognition,
And
I stay in
To help!
They like me."
Says the Sophomore:—
"Oh! Hang
All teachers!
They're just
A set
Of darn
Old rules
And regulations.
Wish they'd all
Just die
Or somethin',
Always spoiling
My fun."
The Junior says:—
"I entertain
An admiration
True as
It is deep
For teachers.
Gosh,
They're wonderful!
Just think
Of all
They know,
And all
The good
They do!"

While the Senior says:—
"Beg pardon!
Did you
Speak of
The "faculty"?
The FACULTY?
Why, who is
The faculty,
Anyway?"

—*Waido Ruess.*

THE BOSS

"YES, SIR, I am the boss in my family, and when I have spoken my family does not cross me," concluded Pa Sappo to a group of men in his club. He had just finished a long talk and was putting on his coat preparatory to leaving when Junior Sappo came in.

"Pa, can I take the car tonight and go to the Tinkerville basketball game?"

Trying to live up to his word Sappo had to be firm. "No, indeed, you cannot."

"But I have to have it, Pa."

"I have spoken, young man."

"Well, I'm going, 'cause Ma said I could, and to tell you to come home at once."

As Pa disappeared the club let out a roar.

One of the men who had been listening to Pa's glowing account of his home life remarked, "When a man boasts of his supremacy in his home his wife is generally out a good deal of the time."

Another spoke up: "Yes, he can talk all right, but at home he sings a different tune. I had to go out there one night and we had just started our first cigar, when the daughter began to pound the piano. Pa asked her to stop, but she went right on. Then Pa said, 'Mary, I have spoken. Cease playing.' 'Huh! Ma said I could play the piano and I am.' She did, too. Just then Ma's voice came from the kitchen, 'Pa, come here.' 'I am busy.' 'I said, Come here!' Pa went. Before our business was concluded Pa had met with a dozen defeats, yet to hear him he is the boss of his castle."

"Yes," laughed the first speaker, "a man is the master of his own soul—nothing more."

—*Louis Hamacher.*

THE RATTLETRAP

'Twas mid-afternoon of a hot August day—
The sun blazed as if 'twould scorch;
The ladies were chatting and goss'ping away,
At a tea-party on Mrs. Smythe's porch.

"Yes," said Mrs. Downes, with her knowing air,
"They say earrings will be all the rage."
"It's a shame, my friends," sighed Miss Hettie Blair,
"And I do not believe she's of age."

"And, girls," cried another, "isn't it grand?
Mrs. Morgan is giving a ball.
And 'tis rumored that Olaf, the former iceman,
Is a prince—not an iceman at all."

And so went the chattering merrily on
For the rest of the afternoon;
Every subject enlarged upon
Which the ladies might impugn.

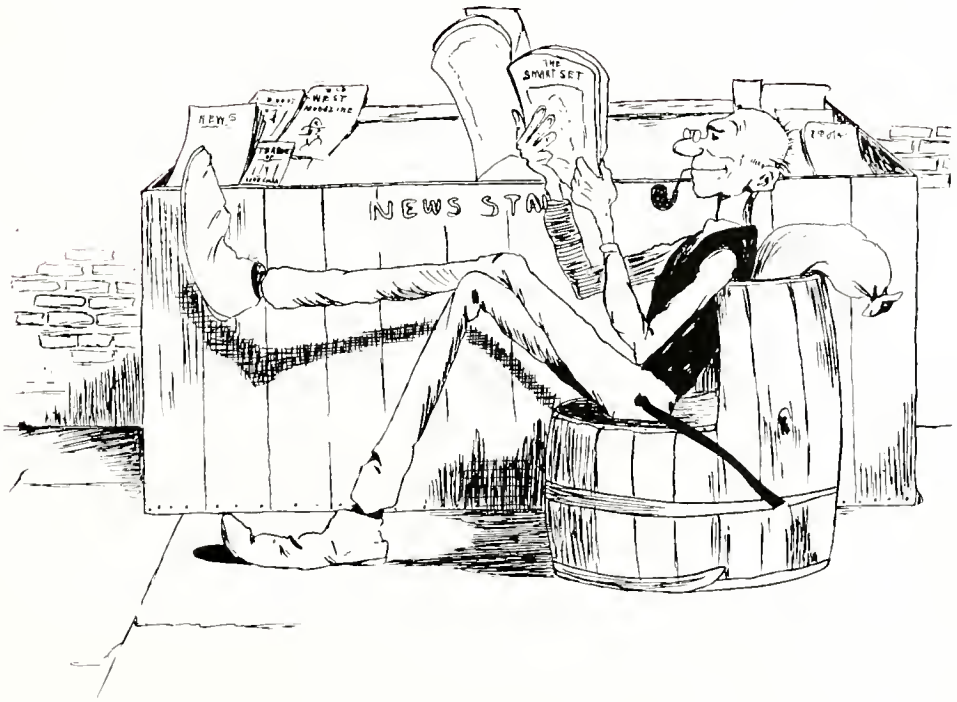
All of a sudden the talking ceased.
In the distance, a rattle was heard;
Approaching, it gradually increased.
The ladies indeed were disturbed.

There came a roar, like a volley of cannon;
A jolting of bolts, so it seemed.
'Midst the din, we saw the calm Mrs. Shanno
Had fainted, while others screamed.

The hostess first saw the cause of the noise.
Said she, "Do you know what 'twas roared?
It was only a crowd of our high school boys
Passing by in an ancient Ford."

—*D. E. L.*

LITERATURE



A REPROACH AT THE DOOR

THIS world is a world of problems. Ever since its birth the United States has been confronted with a great problem in the American Indian. When the white man arrived he found the whole land occupied by the Indians. They were gradually driven back from the Atlantic Coast, from the Middle West, to the lands west of the Mississippi. Later the United States placed them on reservations, where they are now held in the capacity of wards to the government. By an act of Congress the Indians have been recently made citizens if they will break away from all tribal relations and take up civilized life. This provision has been greatly resented by these people, for in becoming a citizen the Indian should not be required to break away from his tribe for three reasons.

First, the Indians are well enough educated to take up the duties of citizenship. The greatest prerequisite for citizenship in the United States should be education. Education does not simply mean "book learning". Education in the broad sense includes not only the "book learning", but education in health and sanitation, in some practical vocation, and in morality. The Indian has been educated in all these lines. At present about 25,000 Indians attend school in the United States. The annual expenditure on these schools is approximately $150 per pupil. There are school accommodations for seven-eighths of the Indian children of school age. These school accommodations have been so generally used that there are some men of the Five Civilized Tribes who are the third generation of college-bred men. How many of us can say that for ourselves? Even many of our own fathers have never attended college or even high school and they have citizenship without being wards of the government. Why should the Indians not have an equal chance? In these Indian schools the pupils are first taught the English language, which is followed by enough arithmetic to enable them to carry on business. These young Americans are all instructed in a subject which many of the white men and women of today do not understand—that is, American Government. They know how our governmental machinery works and how to vote. On election day a great many of our citizens are voting for the candidate some "political boss" has instructed them to vote for, and many more are losing their votes because they do not know how to ballot. Of course, some of the Indians would naturally be incompetent also, but at least they can do as well or better than their white brothers.

The purpose of these schools is mainly to give the Indians a practical education. For this reason the boys are instructed in some practical vocation, usually farming, and the girls in the care of the home and family.

The education in health and sanitation is for the most part carried on by field matrons. These women, of whom there are about 75, go from home to home in their assigned territory, teaching the Indian mothers how to keep their homes sanitary, how to take care of their children in the right manner, and how to improve the environmental and social conditions of their children.

Nor has religious training been lacking. Christian missionaries have been among the Indians from the earliest times. A report from the Indian Office shows that in 1923 there were 93,388 church-going Red Men attending 991 churches. This report does not include the Five Civilized Tribes.

The Indian has made an unusual progress during the last decade. They depend less upon medicine men and more upon medical science. They are giving more attention to permanent homes. Women are better housekeepers. The day of paint, feathers, and blanket garb is fast passing. Two-thirds wear citizen's clothes. The tribal custom of marriage is giving way to legal rights. They are less superstitious and crime is diminishing. They climb to the highest mountain peaks to talk and pray to the "Great Wawan" (our God). Their morals are beyond question. Their word once given is never broken. They are hospitable, kind and generous, and their courage is God-given. They now practically support themselves, and have taken up civilized methods of living. These Americans want American citizenship, pure and unconditional. Why withhold citizenship unless they agree to give up all tribal relations? In the tribe and its traditions is the Indian's hope, his ambitions, his energy, his life. Suddenly take the tribe from him and you will take his individualism. On the other hand, if you give him citizenship without making him leave the tribe he will respect our government and as he takes up the duties of a citizen of the United States the ties that bind him to his tribe will gradually be weakened.

Second, unconditional citizenship is an obligation which we owe the Indian in part payment for what he has done for us and in redress for the ill-treatment which he has received at our hands. The first word the Pilgrim Fathers, the Jamestown Colonists, and William Penn heard from Indian lips was "Welcome". Columbus wrote of them to his sovereign, "There is not a better people in the world than these, nor one more affectionate, affable and mild. They love their neighbors as themselves." And what did the Indians receive in return for their word of welcome? The Indians were made slaves and sent to Europe, they were robbed of their gold, they were robbed of their homes, they were robbed of their families, they were robbed of their lives. They were shot down in return for their word of welcome. But still they helped the White Man. They gave food

when the White Man was in danger of starvation, and showed him how to cook the food.

The Indian has also been a great help to us in our wars. So great was their aid in the Revolutionary War that George Washington declared, "Had the Indians been enemies instead of friends, the Revolution would not have resulted in American Independence." In the Civil War thousands of Indians fought for the preservation of the Union. The World War showed the Indian in a most favorable light. There were 17,000 Red Men in that war, 85% of whom were volunteers. Five per cent of the Indian population fought in the war in contrast to only four per cent of the white population. Ten Red Americans received the Croix de Guerre and one hundred and fifty more were decorated for bravery. One Indian, offering himself as a living sacrifice for world freedom, stripped, painted himself in protective coloring, and crept across open fields exposed to enemy gun fire, placing a bomb to a bridge which the Allies could no longer defend. By that act he checked the enemy, saved the battle line, and died there. In the Fifth or Victory Loan the Indian applications for Liberty Bonds were nearly 4,000,000, making their total subscription $25,000,000, or approximately $75 per head for the entire Indian population. There were 10,000 Indian members of the Red Cross who knitted 100,000 garments. One Ute Indian woman over 75 years old sold to the Red Cross her one possession of value—an exquisite example of basket-weaving. It brought her $513.00. The money she carefully divided into two portions. The larger she gave for war service. "I am old," she said; "thirteen dollars will be enough for me."

We have scarcely left 300,000 of these loyal Americans. They are decreasing at the rate of over 2,000 a year. It is a dishonor to the nation to have driven these Americans from their homes by force! When in Colonial times they fought us in defense of their land, their wives, their children, their homes, and everything that was dear to them—and whipped us—we called it a massacre. When we fought and whipped them—even to the shooting down of old Indians, squaws, and papooses in the snow—it was called a battle, the Battle of the Washita! And when a tender-hearted officer remonstrated at firing on children hiding in the brush, he was told by his commander, "Nits breed lice!" Yet in the late war seventeen thousand of these Red Men volunteered, went over seas, and fought like what they are—true Americans. When we did make treaties with the Indians we broke them. There was the treaty with the Delaware Indians which guaranteed representation in Congress. The Indians are still waiting for its fulfillment. We placed them upon reservations where they for years lived amid the worst conditions, uncared for, uneducated, and in almost abject savagery.

Third, the American Indian as first owner of this vast country should

have American citizenship. The alien coming to this country, after living here a few years and going through certain formalities, becomes a full-fledged citizen. Not so with the Red Man! He and his ancestors have lived here all their lives, so far as we know, and were the original owners of this country, yet he is denied citizenship unless he will humiliate himself so much as to denounce tribal relationship. The Indian is the only *true* American, but is denied *full American* citizenship. What a "reproach at the door" of our democracy!

These Americans want citizenship. They want their birthright. What can we do? Abolish the Indian Bureau where millions are being spent to keep the Indians in subordination when what he wants is freedom in the land of his forefathers—American citizenship for himself and his descendants on the same terms as any other native-born, red-blooded American.

—*Vernon Ritter.*

A THOUGHT

I was sitting by the window,
With thoughts so far away
That I did not hear the tapping
That came at my door one day.

It came again, and then again,
But I did not heed its calling;
For my thoughts were very far away
From that dimly lighted window.

Then all at once my thoughts came back
To that dimly lighted room,
And then I saw through the open door
The crescent harvest moon.

—*Margaret Erler.*

OUR INDIANA SAND DUNES

HOW many of us, I wonder, are searching for the key to happiness? How many of us are traversing the world, vainly endeavoring to find some spot wherein our hearts may be attuned to the song of joy, and where God's promised "peace on earth to men of good will" may be found? And how many of us would think of finding in our own dooryards, made commonplace by daily contact, this Paradise? But this is literally our situation. For what could be more adaptable to peace and happiness than nature's wild beauty? And what spot could surpass our own Indiana Sand Dunes in appealing picturesqueness and wonder? And so we sit on our back steps, hitching our wagon to a star, and entirely oblivious of the planet at our feet.

The formation of the Dunes is a fascinating subject. Long before man's dominion on earth, a huge glacier in the north was somehow loosed from its moorings, and started on a career that was destined to change the entire surface of this portion of earth. Gathering dirt and sand in some places, and dropping huge masses of it in others, it rolled on, leaving in its wake a series of hills and valleys, of which the Sand Dunes are a chain. The wind and storm took up the work where the glacier had abandoned it, and not satisfied with the position of the hills, whirled the helpless grains of sand in mad capers, and carried them to rest where their fancy led them, only to pick them up again in another whim and toss them elsewhere. And so the Dunes are constantly moving; their formation was begun centuries ago, and shall continue as long as wind and waves are permitted to work their will.

The history of the Dunes is wild enough to suit the most exacting of schoolboys. The country was first inhabited by a pre-historic, savage race. Little is known of these people, but we are led to believe that they were the ancestors of the Skraelling, or Eskimos, and that they were dwelling here at the end of the Glacial Period. How long they lived here, no one knows, but they were driven out by a tribe of Western Indians, the Chippewas, who, in turn, were pushed on by a race known to us as the Mound Builders. The latter settled principally in Lake and Porter counties, and left their traces in the form of a chain of small hills, in the midst of which our own city has been, or rather is being, built. An interesting study of these hills has been made, and they have been divided into groups, which include Altar Mounds, Temple Mounds, Burial Mounds, and small mounds used for dwelling purposes. Most of these, however, have been crushed by the heel of Progress, and only a few remain to tell their romantic history. Their erectors were displaced by the Indians, who gave way to more and still more Indians in their westward drive. These added their primitive weap-

ons and implements to the unusual collection already formed, until the white men came to bring order out of chaos. First among the whites came the French, followed by the English. Hair-raising are the tales that are told of the conquest of the Northwest, and among the most horrible of these is the story of the Chicago Massacre. Then came the brave pioneers, who faced innumerable dangers and gave their lives unflinchingly that we, their descendants, might live in peace and contentment in this territory. Who of us, in recounting the deeds of those men to whom we owe so much, are without a tightening, choking sensation in our throats, and do not long to give something in their memory to our posterity? And what could be more fitting than that we should hand down the Sand Dunes, in the same wild, untamed states in which the pioneers fought and died for them?

The Dunes appeal to all classes and kinds of people. The undulating, shimmering sands and tossing billows are a source of never-ending inspiration to the poet; the wild, mysterious sand hills and the roaring, pounding surf form the background for many a story; here the artist finds enough material to substantiate his fame, if he has been given the ability to transpose a living beauty to canvas, North, South, East, and West have been blended together in this one spot by the miracles of Time, and the resulting assortment of trees and flowers is of unsurpassable interest to the botanist; the furred and feathered folk of this region are as varied as the flora, and attract many zoologists and naturalists. All of these facts make the Dunes of great value, but most vitally important of all is the benefit that we ourselves derive from them. Just as our bodies demand nourishment, so our souls, if not fed with Divine thoughts, will shrivel and die. And here, in God's own interpretation of His love, we may satiate our souls with holy wonder, and feel the beauty and grandeur of His universe. Truly blest is the man who has seen Lake Michigan in all its moods. Savage in storm, majestic in calm, treacherous under its mask of gentleness, emerald-green at dawn, crimson at sunset, silvery in the moonlight, dull gray or sapphire blue, and dotted with white, this vast expanse of water is awe-inspiring at all times. Verdantly green in spring, with its rejuvenated flowers and mating birds; restfully calm in summer, with its indolent sands and the sparkling water gently lapping the sloping beach; breath-takingly wonderful in autumn, with its striking contrast of colors, and the hazy blue of the sky blending into the azure blue of the lake; and infinitely grand in winter, with its mutable sands and restless waters encased in a coverlet of snow and ice, this Dunes country is unique, weird, and fascinatingly beautiful.

And so the few people who knew and loved the Dunes went on with their lives, little realizing the true worth of the country in which they lived, until a group of eminent Europeans, touring in the States, announced

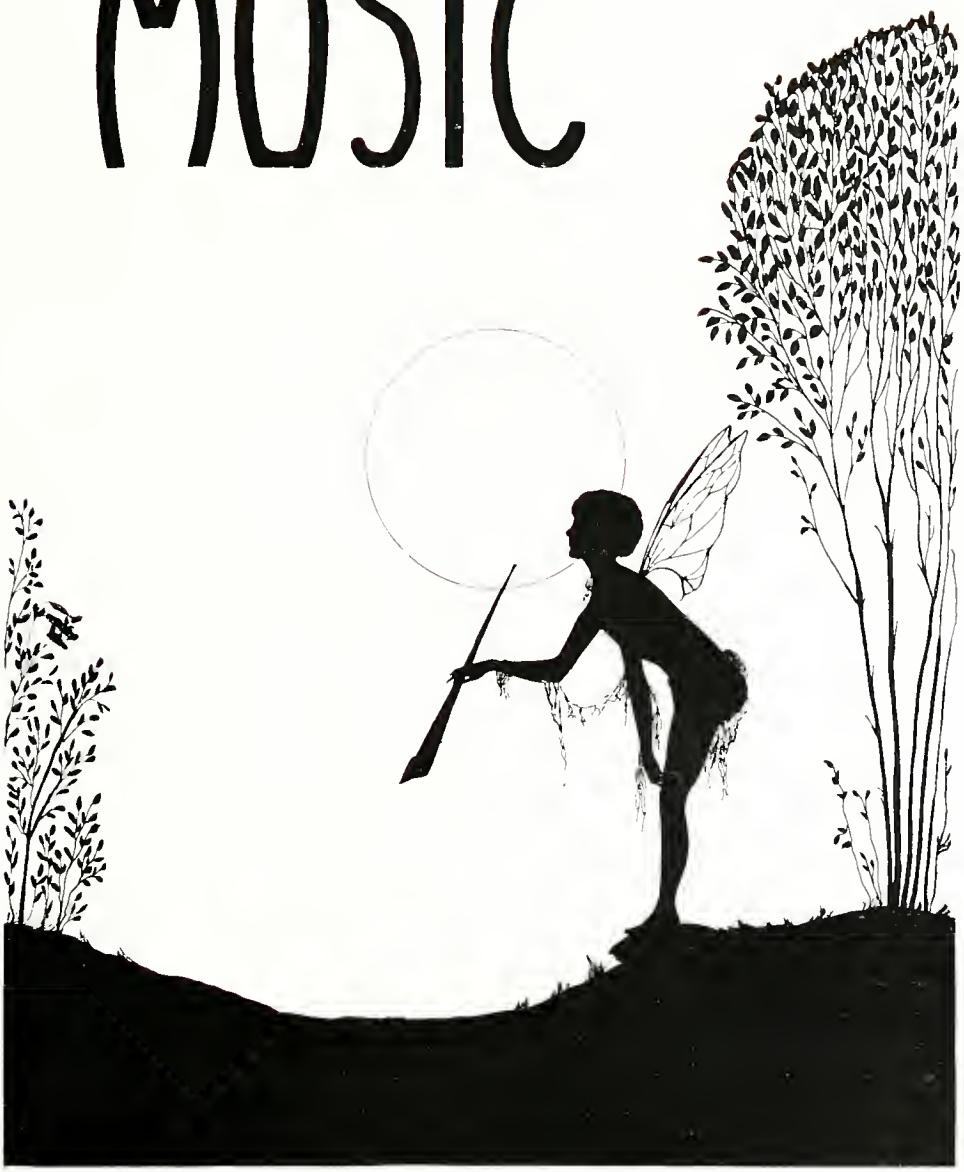
their amazing intention of visiting the four phenomena of America—Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon, Yosemite Valley, and the Dunes of Indiana! People began to sit up and take notice. Many visited this honored spot out of sheer curiosity, and its fame rapidly spread. One person discovered that the varied landscape was beautiful, another that the shifting sands and peculiar climatic conditions favored marvelously unique vegetation, and still another that the bird and animal life in this district was wonderful, until the Dunes seemed to be a marvel of perfection. A nation-wide campaign was started to make the Dunes a state or national park. Industry, which had heretofore not realized the true worth of this country, set up its claims for it, and "the fight was on". The Chicago Prairie Club was the leader of the numerous organizations which lined up on Nature's side. They contended that the Dunes should be saved because they possessed superior scenic attractions, were located in a district that was known to need recreation which could be procured at a low cost; and, due to our excellent highway system, were easily accessible to millions of people. A pageant was given in a natural amphitheatre in the Dunes, to awaken national sentiment for their preservation. But the ensuing agitation may be summed up in the following plea:

"The hard-hearted city dads of all our great cities spend millions of dollars each year in the making of beautiful parks for the relaxation and regeneration of their citizens. They have found that it pays, for immorality and crime decrease in proportion to the number of these parks. The people are better, happier, and more healthful because of them. Not all the millions of Carnegie could buy that quiet peace and joy which a bit of the beauty of Nature gives for the seeking. Let us not forget that gold is not the only thing worth striving for. Surely there is something more in life. Nobler, higher aspirations do not bud in sordid surroundings. Let us not deny our descendants the refining influences of nature's beauty. May there ever be places where all will be welcome to relax and enjoy."

The climax of the situation was reached in June, 1923, when the Indiana State Legislature passed a bill providing for the purchase and development of the Dunes country as a State Park. Immediate plans for the acquisition of the land were proposed, and already 1,750 of the desired 2,000 acres have been purchased. Since we know that God's handiwork cannot be improved upon, the Dunes are to be left in their wild, natural beauty. And my plea to you is that you do not allow to slip through your fingers this golden opportunity to find the happiness awaiting every lover of Nature among the Dunes.

—*Martha Parker.*

MUSIC



"PICKLES"

WHICH kind of pickles do you prefer, sweet, dill or sour? All could be procured in the operetta "Pickles", presented at a matinee on March 11th and on the evening of March 12th. It can be truthfully said that this production was the "best ever". The exertions of Miss Lillie E. Darby, musical director; Mrs. J. Earle Mavity, ballet director, and Miss Lorraine Kinne, dramatic coach, made possible this wonderful success.

Musical Numbers

Overture ..... Orchestra

Act I

Opening Chorus ..... Chorus
"The Duty of a Cop" ..... Rumski, Bumski
"Pickles" ..... J. Jennison Jones
"Czardas" ..... Ballet
"My Gypsy Queen" ..... Ilona, Jones
"Remember" ..... June. Crefont
"The Dreamy, Schemey Widow" ..... Lady Vivian, Pennington
"Fortune Telling" ..... Ilona, Chorus
"Away to the Gypsy Camp" ..... Ensemble

Act II

"Kamalav" ..... Orchestra
"The Romany Trail" ..... Jigo, Chorus
"Philosophy" ..... Ilona, June, Crefont, Jigo
"The Mystical Pool" ..... Ilona, Chorus
"Pictures by Moonlight" ..... June, Crefont
"A Vision" ..... Lady Vivian, Ilona
Finale ..... Ensemble

Act III

"All Hail, King Carnival" ..... Ensemble
"The Time to Say Good-Bye" ..... June, Crefont
"Valse Du Carnival" ..... Mary Small
"I Can't Get Along Without Jimmy" ..... Ilona, Chorus
Finale ..... Ensemble

Characters

Hans Maier ..... Lawrence Link
Louisa ..... Lorraine Kinne
Captain Kinski ..... Clyde Burns
Bumski ..... John Ellis

Rumski	George Howser
J. Jennison Jones	Judd Bush
Jigo	Merton Norris
Ilona	Audrey Shauer
Arthur Crefont	Franklin Lunbeck
June Pennington	Martha Hughes
Jonas H. Pennington	Donald Will
Lady Vivian DeLansey	Sadie Frederick
Waiters	Edward Davidson, Henry Eschell

Ballet

Mary Collins	Marybelle Gibbs
Irene Hansen	Mary Alice Gregory
Margaret Fisher	Marguerite LaMar
Ruth Baker	Marian DeWitt
Anita Sievers	Bonnie Fisher
Janet Nuppnau	Florence Pinkus
Stella Rickman	Marion Filjiano
Ida Aylesworth	Maurine Sisson

Solo Dancer ..... Mary Small

Scenes

Act I—Garden of Wurtzelpraeter Inn, Vienna.
Act II—A Gypsy Camp near Vienna, that evening.
Act III—Same as Act I, the next evening.
Time—The Present.
Place—Vienna.

Argument

Jonas H. Pennington, an American millionaire pickle manufacturer, with his daughter June, arrives in Vienna amidst preparation for the annual carnival. To his consternation he finds Jones, his advertising expert, advertising Pennington's Peter Piper Pickles too well. An old acquaintance, Lady Vivian, a wealthy English woman, also arrives on her annual quest in search of her daughter, who was lost near Vienna at carnival time when a baby. Kinski, the pompous police chief, plots to substitute the lost child of Lady Vivian and marry her for her fortune. A band of gypsies visits the carnival, led by Jigo, the chieftain, and his supposed daughter Ilona. Events lead all to the gypsy camp, where a magic pool reveals the face of Lady Vivian's daughter. Arthur Crefont, a poor artist, wins recognition of his art and also the hand of June Pennington. Lady Vivian consents to become Mrs. Pennington; Kinski's plot is exposed; Ilona is restored to her mother, and Jones is rewarded with success in his campaign for the hand of Ilona.

ENY, MEENY, MINY, MO

ENY, meeny, miny, mo—who will be it? That question was decided in the operetta given December 17th by the Freshman-Sophomore Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Darby.

The characters were portrayed by Mary Collins, Florence Pinkus, Margaret Fisher, Margaret Ealing, Stella Rickman, Lorraine Kinne, Ethel Wark, Marguerite La Mar and Crystal Danielson. Mary Collins played the part of the heroine, Virginia Lee. The only boy in the entire production, Merton Norris, took the part of Bob Blair. The comedy takes place at Miss Grundy's select school for girls.

Virginia Lee, the most popular girl in the school, has two beaux, one in Japan. These young men are the chief topic of conversation among the other girls. Virginia decides that she will not marry until she is "thirty or more". Immediately Mrs. Blair arrives to take the girl to Japan to marry her son Bob. The perplexed girl finally decides that Japan is too far away. But while practicing for a school operetta, the much discussed Robert Blair appears on the scene. Instantly Virginia knows he is "it".

—*Lorraine Stanton.*

THE ORCHESTRA

THE Orchestra, as usual, has been doing fine work this year. Difficult and varied compositions have been studied with care and precision. It is composed of various instruments, and the players are artists of extraordinary calibre. The Orchestra meets for practice on Thursday evenings.

Miss Darby directs and supervises the organization. Martha Parker and her assistant, Marion Filgiano, prove to be very able accompanists. The only fault to be found with the Orchestra is that we do not hear it as often as we would like.

THE GLEE CLUBS

THE Glee Clubs, ever beloved by high school students, prove to be more popular than ever this year. So many would-be "songsters" applied for admittance to the girls' organization that Miss Darby was forced to divide the members into Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior groups. The Freshman-Sophomore division meets on Monday morning of each week; the Junior-Senior class on Tuesday morning, and the boys' section on Wednesday morning.

The musical instructor is doing great work with the Glee Clubs. Helen Zimmerman is the proficient accompanist for the two Girls' Glee Clubs, and Schuyler Miller accompanies the Boys' Glee Club.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Arthur Dahl
Arthur Hallowell
Tracy Swartout
Waldo Ruess
John Ellis
Kellogg Darst
Clyde Burns
Stanley Alms
Henry Eschell
Arthur Erickson
Charles Jones
Paul Black
Schuyler Miller
Charles Murvihill
Kenneth Oldham
Franklin Lunbeck
Roman Jarvis
Herbert Deer
Delos Schleman
David Worden
Donald Will
Judd Bush
Lawrence Link
Merton Norris
Gerald Beach
Howard Betz
Edward Davison
Oscar Dolch
Clark Ferrell
Wilford Seymour
Jack Zimmerman

Girls' Glee Clubs

Freshman and Sophomore

Soprano:
Ida Aylesworth
Ruth Baker
Mary Collins
Crystal Danielson
Lois Delaney
Marian De Witt
Margaret Ealing
Marion Filgiano
Bonnie Fisher
Margaret Fisher
Katherine Forney
Elizabeth Fyfe
Mary Alice Gregory
Irene Hansen
Wilma Jensen
Marguerite La Mar
Lafleeta Lininger
Edith Linkimer
Genetha Mead
Mildred Oglesby
Dorothy Palmer
Lottie Richards
Violette Richards
Stella Rickman
Anita Sievers
Anna Mae Stewart
Kathleen Stinchfield
Ethel Wark

Alto:
Marybelle Gibbs
Florence Pinkus
Grace Salmon
Maurine Sisson
Betty Specht

Junior and Senior

Soprano:
Marguerite Aylesworth
Eunice Bailey
Charlotte Burke
Mary Rhue Cain
Adalene Eaton
Dorothy Ellis
Sadie Frederick
Ellen Hanley
Martha Hughes
Bernice Link
Eva Rathman
Ella Pittwood
Dorothy Ritz
Audrey Shauer
Verna Sherrick
Naomi Spindler
Lorraine Stanton
Irene Wark
Bonnie Wheeler
Pearl Wheeler

Alto:
Katharine Christy
Margaret Hughes
Lorraine Kinne
Marion Lamprecht
Dorothy Lannin
Martha Parker
Edith Shedd
Margaret Stinchfield
Charlotte Welch
Martha Wood

GIRLS AND GIRLS ONLY

Ain't They Purty?

And Cute?

THE WIND

I watch you from my window sill,
Though you may never know;
I sit a silent watcher still
Amidst the sunset glow.

I watch again your changing mood,
Though you may never know;
I watch your flight along the wood,
As down the road you go.

I hear you from my open hearth,
Though you may never know;
I feel a sweet and solemn mirth
To hear you come and go.

—*Carter Dillingham.*

THE BALLET DANCER

A whirl of skirts,
A fluff of hair,
Two twinkling toes,
That tread on air.

A graceful form,
So lithe, petite;
There's not a sight
That is more sweet.

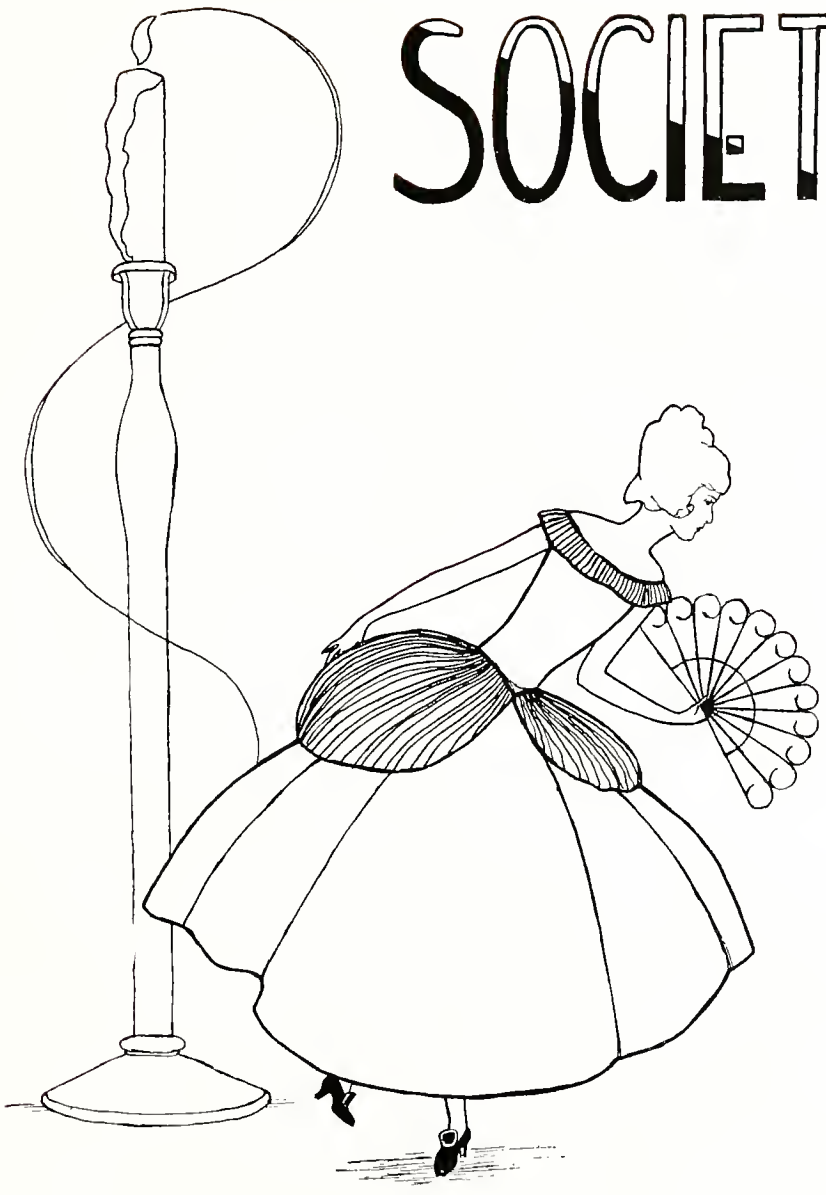
Perfume odors
Pervade the air;
A mincing step,
A sight most rare.

A dash of poudre
The charms enhance;
The curtain call,
Fleet mirrored glance.

Then hush! 'tis still,
'Tis like a trance;
The curtains part,
Ah! She will dance.

—*Mary Small.*

SOCIETY



BOYS' BASKETBALL BANQUET

MEMBERS of the 1925-'26 basketball team were entertained at a banquet at the home of Robert Blaese, stalwart back guard, on March 22. After a delicious chicken supper had thoroughly satisfied the voracious appetites of the athletes, Coach Joseph B. Brown and several of the Bounding Brownies responded with impromptu speeches. Bunco was the chief diversion of the evening.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Brown were hosts to the varsity cage squad at their home on Michigan Avenue on March 25. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. J. W. Larrew had prepared an elaborate menu, which proved very pleasing to the palates of all the players, who were obliged to respond with toasts following the delicious meal.

Manager "Chuck" Stinchfield presented Coach Brown with a beautiful Elgin watch as a token of appreciation from the Bounding Brownies, who established a remarkable record during the 1925-'26 season.

Following the banquet, all were guests of Justin Shauer at the Premier Theatre.

GIRLS' BANQUET

COACH JOSEPH B. BROWN and Supervisor Dorothy Hoffmann tendered a banquet in honor of the girls' basketball team in the Domestic Art room of the Central building on the evening of March 23.

Members of the advanced cooking class, under the supervision of Miss Margaret Bartholomew, prepared the four-course supper, which was served at 6 o'clock. Miss Hoffmann, toastmistress, then called upon the members of the team, who responded very graciously with short talks that were both amusing and interesting. Principal H. M. Jessee and Coach J. B. Brown were also obliged to give toasts, which were well received.

Shortly before the conclusion of the program, Martha Wood presented Mr. Brown and Miss Hoffmann each with a three-pound box of candy. After singing "Valparaiso High School" all departed for their homes after spending a very delightful evening.

ENGLISH V BANQUETS

THE Domestic Art room in the Central building and the home of Martha Hughes were the scenes this year of the annual English V banquets, which were held on the evenings of January 20 and 21, respectively.

Miss Benney's first section enjoyed its dinner at the school, and it goes without saying that the entire program was carried out in a highly successful manner. Following a delicious meal, prepared by the girl pupils under the supervision of Miss Edith Weems, twenty-two students responded very enthusiastically with speeches, which were both witty and to the point. Delos Schleman acted as toastmaster. At the conclusion of the toasts, all repaired to the domestic science room and washed the dishes. This seemed only to add to the zest of the delightful evening.

Martha Hughes was hostess to the other class at her beautiful home on Jefferson street. An appetizing repast, for which the mothers of the students were responsible, was served at 6:30 o'clock. The class then proceeded to emulate Demosthenes in giving clever and humorous talks. Lorraine Kinne proved a very capable toastmistress.

Adeline Eaton and Ellen Hanley furnished musical entertainment for the occasion with piano and vocal solos.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROMENADE

THE spacious and beautiful ballroom of the Elks' Temple, very artistically decorated in blue and gold, senior class colors, was the scene of the junior-senior promenade, the climax of the 1925-1926 high school social season, on May 14.

Ferns, flower plants and other floral decorations, together with clever lighting effects, added a touch of beauty to the brilliant affair, which was opened in a blaze of color and blare of orchestration promptly at 8:15.

Lorraine Stanton and Donald Will, leading the grand march, drilled their surprised followers into a huge "S". Dainty programs of gold were distributed to the happy couples as they passed the orchestra platform.

Harold Cox and his snappy syncopation artists from Gary furnished the peppy music for the affair, which pleasantly came to a close at 11 o'clock with the soothing strains of "Home, Sweet Home".

The members of the school board and their wives, the faculty and the seniors were the guests for the evening of the energetic juniors. Miss Hazely, assistant supervisor of the junior class, was in charge of the prom committee.

HI-Y CLUB

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY meant Hi-Y day to several students of Valparaiso High School. Of course, all of them were boys. Amid very impressive ceremonies in the Central building, members of the LaPorte Hi-Y Club conducted the induction rites which resulted in Valparaiso High School's joining the ranks of the national Hi-Y organizations. The cardinal principles of the Hi-Y code are clean living, clean speech, clean athletics, and clean scholarship.

Excellent talks were given by Mr. Chamberlain, of Hammond, district Hi-Y secretary; Supt. C. W. Boucher; Principal H. M. Jessee, and the LaPorte members. Rev. Mr. Long, pastor of the LaPorte Christian church, said the benediction.

Those taken into the Hi-Y were: Fred White, president; William Collins, vice-president; Clyde Burns, secretary; Charles Stinchfield, treasurer; Jack Zimmerman, Wilford Ebersold, Ralph St. Clair, Daniel Wood, Charles Van Buskirk, Richard Lytle, Henry Eschell, Robert Blaese, Delos Schleman, Edward Johnson, and Vernon Ritter. Coach Joseph B. Brown is the sponsor of the new club.

THE GIRLS' RESERVE

DUE to the interest held by some of the high school girls, Miss Nithrou, Indiana state secretary of the Girls' Reserve, was secured in January to give a talk in order to give the girls an idea as to what the Girl Reserve organization was, its meaning and purpose. Her talk aroused great interest among the girls and so, after the beginning of the spring term, a club was organized.

This organization is a branch of the Y. W. C. A. which is made up of girls of high school age. It is parallel to the Hi-Y which was recently instituted in this school. The purpose of this club is to unite its members in a spirit of friendliness and service, to win other girls to its membership and to stand for the best things at home, in school, at work and in the church and community.

The Girls' Reserve chose as their officers: Irene Wark, president; Eunice Bailey, vice-president; Margaret Fisher, secretary; and Bonnie Fisher, treasurer. The association now has thirty members.

ENGLISH IV BANQUET

KENNETH MOSHER, Theresa Horner, Phyllis Parker, and Roy Crowe, selected as the best debaters in the English IV, were feted at a banquet in their honor by the students of Miss Vera Sieb's English classes, at the Philley cafeteria, on the evening of March 12. The quartet was obliged to display its forensic ability to speeches which were brimful of interest. Several other pupils of Miss Sieb also showed their prowess in declamation.

A delicious menu, consisting of creamed chicken on biscuits, mashed potatoes, corn fritters, cold slaw, parker house rolls, ice cream, cake and coffee was welcomed with glee by the students. Following the meal, jokes and stories were told in a merry manner until 9 o'clock, when the evening program was brought to a pleasant close.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC

THE unsophisticated Sophomores, who on several occasions have proved themselves very sophisticated, especially in giving social functions, chose Friday afternoon, October 2, for their annual class picnic. The second year students were truly excellent weather prognosticators, for the day was bright and clear, with a real autumnal sun shining in all its glory.

Wahob Lake, a regular mecca for picnickers, both in the summer and fall, was the spot selected for the festivities. The class, with Mrs. Schenck, who is the supervisor, had previously planned the picnic in the form of a weiner roast. An appetizing lunch, prepared by the Sophomore girls, was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

FRESHMAN PARTY

ALWAYS energetic, the Freshman Class, under the supervision of Miss Laura Neet, officially inaugurated the 1925-26 social season of Valparaiso High School by giving a very elaborate mask Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 30, at the Sarah Kinsey Memorial.

Members of the Faculty were the guests of the evening, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all in attendance. An excellent musical program consisting of several fine piano solos was very cleverly presented during the festivities. Various Hallowe'en games were played and the winners awarded prizes. Delicious refreshments, pleasing to both eye and palate, were served by the eats committee.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS, probably one of the most unique class organizations of its kind in Valparaiso High School, was created in 1923 by Miss Marjorie Ellis, head of the French Department. The following year Miss Ellis severed her connection with the Valparaiso High School faculty preparatory to entering the University of Chicago. "Le Cercle Francais" was discontinued in '24, but was reorganized again last year by Miss Gladys Stanford, who has been untiring in her efforts in making the organization a decided success.

The chief aims of "Le Cercle Francais" are to acquaint the members with French literature, history and tradition. Club meetings, which are interesting and instructive, are held every two weeks.

Officers of "Le Cercle Francais" during the school year were Margaret Pulver, president, and Ralph Wheeler, secretary-treasurer.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC

THE Seniors and Juniors enjoyed their annual and ever-successful picnic at Wahob Lake on the afternoon and evening of May 22. Every High School graduate will tell you that there is nothing like a Junior-Senior picnic, and the Seniors this year are still complimenting the Juniors, who proved very able hosts.

In the afternoon, following a sumptuous feed, the boys demanded their baseball, and the Juniors were ready to accept the challenge. It was a great game, but it would not be fair to divulge the winners. Boating, swinging in the good, old-fashioned swings, and volley ball were other forms of amusement provided for those not interested in the national pastime.

More eats in the evening, and then the trip back to the city after a most pleasant day. The various committees were in charge of Prof. O. C. Pauley, supervisor of the Junior class. The members of the faculty, as usual, acted as chaperones, and enjoyed the picnic as much as the students themselves.

A WELCOME TO SPRING

Snow, snow on every hand,
  Go away and let Spring come;
We are tired of snowy land,
  And want again to hear the merry bee hum.

We want to see the flowers again,
  And smell the perfume in the air;
We want to hear the winds again,
  As they gently flap our curtains fair.

We are tired of the white blanket—
  Give us one of another hue;
One that makes us fill our kit
  And go and find the violet blue.

Farewell to Winter! Hail to Spring!
  We welcome you on every hand;
Come and bring us bells to ring
  Glad tidings to the desolate land.

—Louis Hamacher.

WISE and OTHERWISE

Russell and ?

F Mead

Joe

SENIOR LIBRARY

1. Little Men ..... Jack Kozlenko and Clyde Burns
2. Little Women ..... Laura Bartholomew and Martha Parker
3. Story of a Bad Boy ..... Joe Ganzel
4. Lorna Doone ..... Lucile Kuns
5. Jane Eyre ..... Sadie Frederick
6. The Dear Slayer ..... Carter Dillingham
7. A Friend of Caesar ..... Edward Johnson
8. Old Curiosity Shop ..... Gus Marks
9. Vanity Fair ..... Irene Wark
10. Captains Courageous ..... Chuck Stinchfield and Margaret Stinchfield
11. Freckles ..... Alberta Krudup
12. Three Musketeers ..... Leslie O. Hall, Carleton Bearss, Vernon Ritter
13. Little Lord Fauntleroy ..... Wilford Ebersold
14. Peck's Bad Boy ..... Judd Bush
15. The Rivals ..... Fred White and Charlie Van Buskirk
16. The Other Wise Man ..... Bud Miller
17. Tremendous Trifles ..... Buck Fyfe and Waldo Ruess
18. The Gentle Reader ..... Kate Philley
19. Innocents Abroad ..... Lawrence Link and John McGinley
20. The Newcomes ..... Josephine Harris and John Finley
21. The Secrets of Distinctive Dress ..... Maud Gustafson
22. The Four Million ..... Helen Zimmerman, Katherine Christy, Charlotte Burke, Beatrice Bornholt
23. Soils and Crops ..... Walter McAuliffe
24. Problems in American Democracy ..... Orlie Horner
25. The Iron Horse ..... Bob Blaese

—Orlie Horner.

SENIOR ALPHABET

A is for Albert, the smartest by far;
B is for Bob, our basketball star;
C is for Charlotte, so clever and small;
D is for Dolch, the shyest of all;
E is for Edith, who orates so well;
F is for Fyfe, who makes us all yell;
G is for Gus, who jokes all the teachers;
H is for Hamacher, of stoical features;
I for Irene, whose eye ever twinkles;
J is for Judd, the hero of "Pickles";

K is for Kuns, who raises "old Ned";
L is for Link, whose hair turned to red;
M is for our Margarets, of whom you all know;
N stands for never when Seniors are low;
O is for Oldham, who tickles us so;
P is for Parker, of very great fame;
Q is for queer, our excuses so lame;
R is for Ruess, so weighty and grave;
S is for Stinchfield, the day he will save;
T is for tough, the way we oft feel;
U is for us, who get a great deal;
V is for Vernon, who justice demands;
W is for White before the grand stands;
X stands for future, for all Seniors bright;
Y stands for yarns, which are not always right;
Z is for Zimmerman, who puts up a good fight.

—*Margaret Hughes.*

"A CRY IN THE DARK"

THEY had almost fallen asleep, when suddenly out of the stillness of the adjoining room there came a sharp cry. With a muttered curse, he threw off the covers, climbed out of bed, crept stealthily to a dresser, and took off a dark object. He then went into the kitchen and poured something from a can into a heavy pot on the stove. He struck a match and lit a fire under the pot. What terrible thing was he contemplating for the author of the strange cry in the next room? Was he melting lead, or preparing a bomb, or an infernal machine?

When the stuff was heated to his satisfaction, he poured it into the object in his hand. He then slowly opened the door of the next room and listened intently. Presently he heard a slight noise in one corner. Summoning up the last vestige of his courage, he pounced upon the creature, which he found huddled in a cot near the wall. Then started one of the most exhausting struggles he had ever experienced. Uttering hideous shrieks the thing started to kick, and scratch, and tear at his hair. Seeing that he could not last much longer, he managed to reach the telephone, get a number and gasp, "Help, come quick!" into the transmitter. All the while he had held the heated liquid in his hand, and now he endeavored to force it into the mouth of his terrible adversary, but his efforts were futile. At last he heard footsteps outside. The next moment his wife entered the room. Grasping the situation at a glance, she took the baby out of her husband's arms and, holding the bottle in one hand and making a few soothing passes with the other, she succeeded in quieting the screaming terror.

—*Jack Kozlenko.*

THE HAUNT OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE

PERHAPS you remember the incident I am about to relate. It happened about three years ago in a small town of your own state, Indiana. For over a month, Coran, a small mining town, was the center of all weird tales of ghosts and phantoms. For over a month this town was visited nightly by a ghost, and for over a month the people of the town lived in fright and horror.

In order to make our story more clear, we will drop back about three years and see the incident as the terrorized people saw it at that time.

On the dark and bleak night of March 11, 1923, our story had its birth. As John Wall, a hard-working coal miner, sat in his small cottage with his wife and two sons, he was startled to hear footsteps on the roof. He sent his fourteen-year-old son out to see who was on the roof, but his son soon came in with the report that he could see no one. The footsteps were heard, nevertheless, for some time, and then ceased.

The next night there was quite a gathering of the townspeople in the small cottage to hear the ghost announce his presence, and as soon as the clock struck eleven, the footsteps were heard again upon the roof. Every night for several weeks following, the ghost came, and every night more people came to the cottage to listen. Detectives searched the two-room house from end to end but still the walking of the ghost continued. Many people from all over the country gave ghost remedies, but to no avail. Scientific investigators in the realm of spiritualism came from all parts of the country and pronounced the phenomenon one of the finest examples of a haunted house on record.

At first some of the people suspected the fourteen-year-old son, but the ghost came whether the son was present or whether he was locked in the town jail. They could hardly blame it upon the four-year-old son who sat on the floor playing with his blocks. And so the mystery went unsolved for over a month.

One day, however, the government agents decided to find the ghost if they had to tear down the house. Their first step, however, was to put the oldest son through the third degree, and at the end of two hours of questioning, the boy led the detectives to a corner of the room where three strings came up through a hole in the floor. By pulling them the detectives made the ghost walk at will. The boy had arranged the strings and taught his brother to work them. The strings were so connected to levers in the partition between the ceiling and the roof that it sounded like footsteps on the roof. The boy had arranged these devices during the summer when he had helped his father shingle the roof. His confession effectually laid the ghost.

—Fred White.

In Memoriam to

Helen Glover
Class of '28

TO HELEN

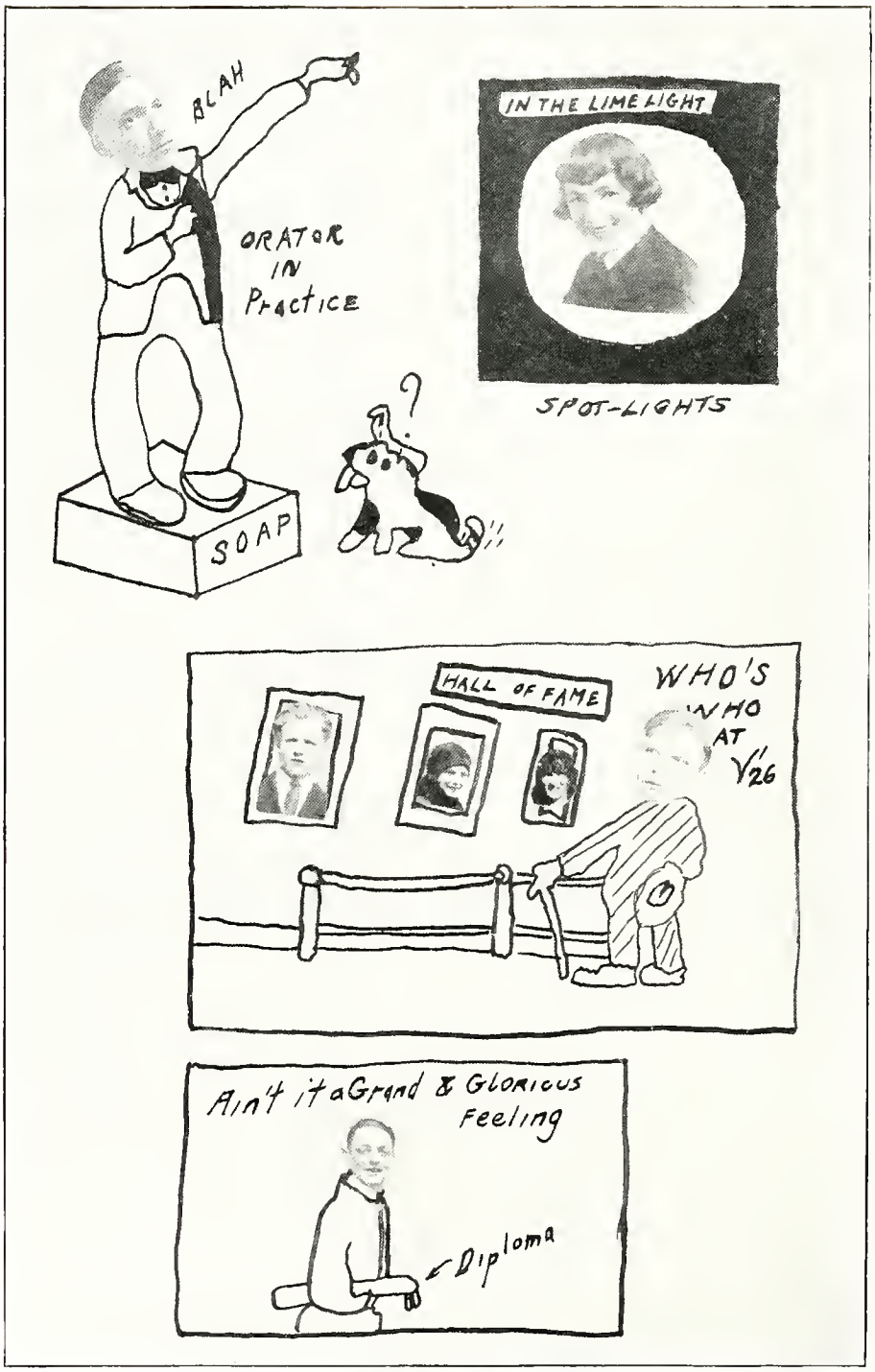
O Helen, with your brow so white,
So calm, so pure! What holy light
Surrounds you now?
What quiet peace, what heavenly sight,
Piercing earth's grim shades of night,
Does God bestow!

Dark eyes, once merry, forever close,
Pale lips now smile in sweet repose
Sent from above.
Bright hair frames a face pure as winter snows;
Frail hands a parting gift enclose
Of boyish love.

A tragic death for one so fine,
Yet beautiful in that the Divine
Willed it so.
Spared the suff'ring and the pain
Accomp'nying death, He did ordain
That you should go.

You have not truly left this band
Of mortals, for your mem'ry shall stand
Forever bright.
Your shining soul shall guide my hand
'Til I clasp yours on that fair strand—
Helen, good-night.

—*Martha Parker.*


BLAH
ORATOR IN PRACTICE
SOAP
?
IN THE LIME LIGHT
SPOT-LIGHTS
HALL OF FAME
WHO'S 'N HO AT V'26
Ain't it a Grand & Glorious Feeling
Diploma

MAMMA'S ANGEL-CHILD

HE was a big, fifteen-year-old baby, with massive legs bulging beneath short knee-pants, too broad shoulders barely enclosed in a small waist-coat, and a little black bow tucked captivatingly below a clefted chin. Only his wide, rather tolerant mouth belied the suspicion that the mild, brown eyes blinking behind large, tortoise-shell glasses, the curly brown hair, and the sallow complexion aroused. He was a sissy. Thus Willis Grenway was branded upon his first entrance into the Wells High School assembly room. Ushered in under the protective wing of a corpulent mother, he was introduced to the principal at the desk, and dutifully responded with a slight curtsy, which brought an appreciative titter from the alert audience. After a few moments' conversation, during which the principal was aptly instructed in the art of taking care of Willie, who had never attended a public school before and would doubtless feel strange with all those rough boys, Mrs. Grenway swept majestically out of the room. Willie felt a sudden strange, sinking sensation inside, as he watched his last refuge disappear around the corner. Then the principal showed him to his seat, gave him a book to read, and left him to the mercy of his fellow-students. And thus Willie became established as a Junior in Wells High School.

The main topic of the laughing, jostling crowd in the cafeteria that noon was the new boy, who had been instantly dubbed "Mamma's Angel-Child". It had been unanimously agreed that Willie should learn of the sins of this wicked world, and that it was Wells High School's duty to teach him. The boys and the girls were now deciding separately how to accomplish this end. The best idea which presented itself to the girls was to vamp the innocent little thing, and several of the most striking ones were chosen to dazzle him with their wiles. But the boys had hit upon a more strenuous plan. It was the spring of the year, and "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of" baseball and track. "Mamma's Angel-Child" should learn to run! Carefully they planned each step in their campaign. Meanwhile, the object of this base plotting, entirely oblivious of the sensation he had created, was sitting in that big assembly hall, a forlorn and lonely figure, too homesick to even eat.

* * * *

A month had passed since Willie's triumphal entry into W. H. S., and already the day of the big track meet was at hand. A miserable day it was, indeed, for poor Willie. As if forcing him to run, jump, and in other ways undermine his health, were not enough, those tyrannical boys had insisted that Willie enter the races that day. He was just on the verge of protesting when the thought of his mother came to him, as it had be-

fore, and checked him. His mother must never know—she would be mortified! And the boys had threatened him dreadfully if he should complain to anyone, so he resignedly complied with their wishes. Although their opinion of him had changed slightly, he was still "Mamma's Angel-Child" to them. There were a few of the boys who somehow suspected that it was not cowardice, but some finer instinct, which held him so in subjection. But the girls still teased him mercilessly, and oh, how he hated it! What silly creatures girls were, anyway! He was glad he wasn't one.

Just before the races that afternoon, Willie went over to the gym to dress. He barely evaded the clutches of some girls, the bane of his existence, and retired, to emerge only in time to slip unnoticed into his place in the line-up. But surely this was not the same boy who had entered school so short a time ago. His powerful physique, heretofore made ridiculous by inappropriate clothing, was evident to even the most casual observer. His glasses having been removed, the soft luster of his deep brown eyes shone. The strenuous exercise which he had lately undergone daily had cleared his complexion, and his curly hair now framed a pleasing, healthy face. He passed unrecognized in the excitement of the moment, as he stood in line next to "Chuck" Wood, the hero of the school. Chuck was a likeable chap, who amused the whole school with his characteristic slang phrases. Willie himself had chuckled over many of them. He surely is popular, thought Willie. What makes him so? Was it his good nature, his evident spirit of helpfulness, his determination to win? Willie crouched mechanically with the rest, and trotted obediently at the signal, but he did not allow this exertion to interfere with his train of thought. He couldn't see any use in over-exerting oneself just to cross a little line before someone else did. But Chuck didn't seem to think that way. He won in nearly everything, just as he was winning in this. He had made a good start and was already far ahead of the others, who were struggling only for second place, for they did not expect to beat Chuck.

Willie especially envied Chuck the sensible companionship which the girls had established with him. If only they would feel that way about him. But then—say, if he won something wouldn't they at least give him a chance? It surely seemed plausible. Anyhow, it was worth trying. A quick, comprehensive glance about him showed the race more than half over, with himself lagging 'way behind and Chuck far in the lead. Hardly realizing what he was doing, he quickened his speed, and, one by one, passed all of the runners except Chuck, who seemed an interminable distance away. Gritting his teeth, Willie spurted again and fairly flew over the cinders. Chuck, feeling the approach of someone, quickened his speed. Still Willie gained on him, until Chuck was forced to reach his limit of speed. Slowly but surely Willie overtook him. His splendid limbs gleamed

in the sun, his brown eyes flashed, his full lips were pressed into a thin line of determination, and he unconsciously brushed back an unruly lock from his flushed forehead. The crowd gasped with surprise. At last he was abreast of Chuck, and now—he passed him, and broke the string fully two yards ahead of him. Wells High School swarmed over the bleachers and lit upon a surprised, bewildered, and slightly triumphant Willie. But Chuck, panting, elbowed his way to the new hero's side. "Kid," he yelled delightedly, wrenching Willie's already over-worked arm, "if you're 'Mamma's Angel-Child', I'll say you've got *some* 'Red-Hot Mamma'!"

—*Martha Parker.*

HEADED FOR COLLEGE

ON THROUGH the night sped the train, winding its way through valleys and hills, sometimes skirting the edge of a hidden lake and then rushing past some forgotten hamlet, the inhabitants of which were lost in sleep.

In the first car, Walter Mitchell aroused himself from a doze and realized that everyone but himself had retired. It was his first long trip alone; he was bound for the East and for college as a freshman with four years of study ahead of him. Drowsily he sought his berth.

He knew not how long he had been asleep when he was awakened by a lurching of the car. There was a sound of grinding steel, a deafening crash, and he was hurled headlong from his berth. He felt a sudden pain as his head struck something hard, and then—oblivion.

Slowly he came to his senses. He took a deep breath; the air, though cool, seemed filled with the odor of wet rags, disinfectants, and human blood. He was aware of a cold, hard surface beneath him and a light cloth for a covering. He opened his eyes and a gruesome sight met his gaze. By the light afforded him from a small window high up in the wall through which the pale moon shone, he could see about and above him rows of marble slabs, each of which held a corpse loosely covered with a sheet. He then realized that he had been taken for dead in the train wreck and brought to this morgue.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a slight movement above him. It could not be possible? But it was. Slowly, inch by inch, a bony, clutching hand was stealing towards him. He tried to cry out, and his throat seemed paralyzed. He tried to move, but an irresistible force seemed to hold him to the spot. He gasped—the bony hand with the skin entirely gone in parts was clutching at his throat. He screamed and tore himself free. The light broke upon him. He sat up and the black face of the porter showed itself.

"Yo' all better be gettin' up, boy. Yo' gets off at the next stop."

—*Waldo Ruess.*

THE GAME

ON this beautiful autumn afternoon the football stadium was crowded with people. The grounds echoed with cheers and the stand fairly shook as the people cheered their own particular team. But outside the large decorated gate stood three small boys straining their eyes to get a sight of the game. Oh, if they could only see the game! They wondered if the gate keeper would let them in.

Just at this moment the sheriff rolled up in his large car. The boys shrank back in terror, and wondered if he could be after them, or if he was just going to the game. They wished they were like the sheriff, because he always got in every place free. As he was waiting for his turn to drive into the gate, he noticed the boys. He called to them, and they did not know whether to run away or go over to his car. They finally went over, and the sheriff told them to get into the car if they wanted to see the game. They scrambled into the car and were very quiet for a few seconds.

As the car pulled up to the ticket seller, the boys put on an expression of pride to let the gate-keeper know that they got in free with the sheriff. The ticket seller asked the sheriff how many he wanted. The sheriff replied, "Four," and said, "I have three of my friends along today," as he laid down four dollars. The boys sank into the seats with awe, and the ticket seller seemed a little ashamed as he took the sheriff's money.

But in less than a minute all was forgotten for the whistle blew, announcing the beginning of the game.

—*John McGinley.*

Sir Percival was worried,
  He knew not what to do;
He saw days when the sun shone,
  And when it snowed and blew.

He knew it rained not always.
  Nor always was it fair;
But whether fair or cloudy,
  Somebody seemed to care.

He tried to make it summer
  When snow was due to blow,
And when 'twas time for summer
  He wanted it to snow.

But now in peace he's sleeping,
Sir Percy tried his whim;
He could not change the weather,
But the weather changed him.

MORAL: Do not kick about the weather.

—*Clyde Burns.*

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

My dad said when he was young
They used good English then,
They didn't talk of them galoots
When meaning boys and men.

And when they saw some girls they liked
And never failed to pick,
They called them by their proper name,
And never called them "Chick".

And when they met a dear old friend
They hadn't lately seen,
They called to him but didn't say,
"Hello, you old sardine!"

Then when a chap was turned away
From her he thought most dear,
He walked away upon his feet,
But now he's on his ear.

Of death they spoke in language plain,
That no one did perplex;
But in these days one doesn't die—
He passes in his checks.

Dad says 'tis sad that children now
Are hearing all this talk;
They've learned to chin instead of chat
And waltz instead of walk.

Them happy days is gone for good,
And glad I am, clean through;
We take the cake, when it comes to gab,
You bet your life we do.

—*Alberta Krudup.*

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Charley 'is-self
by Jack Kozlenko

MARY'S PERFECT DATE

MARY was just finishing the supper dishes when the telephone rang. "Hello, Mervil. Where to—Michigan City? Sure, I'll go." She hung up the receiver and dashed up stairs, calling back to her mother, "I'm going to Michigan City with the gang tonight." Guess I'll wear my new dress, she thought, as she reached the top of the stairs. I suppose we will go to the dance there.

"Be sure and dress warm," her mother warned her, but the words went in one ear and out the other.

She had scarcely put on her dress when she heard a shout of many voices and the honk of a big horn. She ran to the front window and motioned them to wait a moment. Soon she joined the crowd in the car. "Two, four, six," she counted with a glance at the back seat, "just a nice car full."

"Want to drive?" asked Mervil before they started. "No, not until we are on the Dunes Hiway. I don't care for this gravel road." As soon as they were on the cement, Mary took the wheel. Now for a nice, swift spin along the smooth road. She settled down in her seat, her fingers lightly but firmly on the wheel, and her elbow resting on the side of the car. She loved to ride this way, her hair streaming in the wind, her nerves steady, but her eyes dancing with the thrill of speed. She did not say a word all the time they were riding fast. Her escort knew that she was fully enjoying herself and so he settled down to enjoy the ride likewise.

The only thing that stopped this speed was the sight of the prison at the edge of the city. She slowed down as the car rounded the curve and drove onto the wide driveway. Down the smooth street they glided and with a sigh of satisfaction she gave the wheel to Mervil at the corner of Franklin Avenue. Now they were out of the dusky moonlight onto the brilliantly lighted Main Street. They drove under the arched welcome sign, over the bridge and into the entrance of Washington Park. As they rounded a curve they came into view of the long, high dancing pavilion. Strains of a waltz drifted to their ears on the evening air. Though the lights were bright, the music seemed to give a soft tone to the atmosphere.

As they entered the dance pavilion a snappy Charleston air began. Each man escorted his partner to the long dance floor. It was full but not too crowded. Mary and Mervil danced a fox-trot for a little while but the fascinating rythm of the Charleston won their footsteps. Soon they were keeping the steady time of the Charleston.

As the strain of "Home, Sweet Home," was sounded, the six tired dancers wended their way back to the car. They were all now in the mood for a smooth, quiet drive through the moonlight back to town. As they drew up at Mary's door, she said with satisfaction, "What is better than an evening of enjoyment like this?" —*Margaret Pulver.*

THE JEWELS OF PANTHER

SLOWLY I descended from the train, and perceiving nothing very interesting about, I hailed a cab to take me to the nearest hotel. Having been in the city only a few times before, I was not very well acquainted with it and was obliged to make my way about in cabs. I had come to the city on a dare and was to remain until I had experienced a real thrill.

After I had been in the city about two weeks and had not, as yet, been in any particularly thrilling experience, I was becoming bored. One evening, having entertained myself by going to a show, I emerged from the theatre to find a heavy rain falling. Luckily, I spied a cab and hailed it. Striking a terrific bump, I hit against something very hard in the seat of the cab. I reached for the object, and on examining it I found it to be a queer-shaped package. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused and I decided to take it with me and say nothing to the cab driver. When I arrived at my hotel and opened the package, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and read, "Will the finder of this package kindly leave it up at Room 13, Floor 3, Panther House, Clark Street?" I was puzzled at first and then decided it was some kind of a joke, though I thought there was something else in the package. I removed the wrappings excitedly and was fairly dazzled by what I saw. There before me in a velvet cloth lay the most gorgeous array of jewelry I had ever seen—diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds and a number of other stones in various settings. A fortune in earrings, necklaces, bracelets and rings lay before me. I gazed at the note and then at the stones in amazement, and finally collecting my scattered wits, decided that there must be some mistake.

Purchasing all the evening papers I could, I scanned them in an effort to find a clue to these jewels. After a fruitless search, I came to the conclusion that there had been some ulterior motive for leaving them in the cab. They had been stolen. Why had I not thought of that before? A most plausible solution. But if that were the case, what was I to do with them? Still undecided, I carefully wrapped them and put them in the safety box in my room.

When I awoke the next morning, it all seemed to be a dream. I had seen the jewels dancing and grinning at me all night long. Springing out of bed, I ran to the safety box to make sure of their reality and found them just as I had left them.

I went on as usual the next week, still unable to find any clue. Such uncertainty was beginning to wear on my nerves; I could not bring myself to the point of taking them back to Clark Street, yet I did not want to keep them.

One night I was awakened by a hammering on my window. I looked up and saw a shadowy form trying to get itself through the window. I cried, "What do you want?" At the sound of my voice the figure fled. This was only the beginning of my experiences. The next night, there being a particularly good picture at the theatre, I decided to see it.

I enjoyed it very much, and in coming out of the theatre I noticed a person watching me rather closely, I thought. As I continued home the person followed me. After repeatedly trying to evade him, there came a smashing blow on my head and all went dark. When I awakened I was sitting propped up by a lamp-post, within a few blocks of my rooms. At first I could only dimly recall the accident and then it gradually became clearer. Arriving at my room unsteadily, with a throbbing head, I opened the door to my room and there a sorry sight greeted my eyes. My room had been thoroughly ransacked by some intruder. After bringing about some semblance of order in the room, I went to bed.

The following day, I was held up and very politely relieved of all weight that might prove to be burdensome to my person, at least to the thugs' way of thinking. This little experience seemed in keeping with the events of the past few days. The next night I was awakened by something flung in my face. I hurriedly pulled on the light, and discovered that it was a letter which had been thrown in through the open window. I opened the letter rather carefully and found in a crude handwriting almost the exact message I had found with the jewels, only not as polite. I paid no heed to the letter but I stayed indoors as much as possible. I received more of these letters, each in a mysterious manner, each one being more rashly worded than the one preceding it. At last, under the threat of death, I thought I ought to do something with the jewels.

The next day I put the jewels in their original wrappings and slipped the paper in my pocket. As I proceeded to my destination, the buildings became more shabby and neglected looking. At last I came to one tall building, whose smoke-begrimed face looked boldly on the filthy scene before it. On a much tarnished sign above the door, one could make out the name of "Panther". Many of the letters were missing altogether or mutilated. The name seemed well suited to the building. It semed to have a sly look about it, as it crouched there amid the filth and squalor of its surroundings. There being no knocker on the door, I went up the stairs. Rickety and old, yet they seemed to have retained a certain amount of past dignity. I seemed to hear music at intervals which sounded as though it came from somewhere below. At last I reached the dingy, narrow hallway on the third floor, and coming to room thirteen, I knocked at the door. I was admitted at once into a small room very simply furnished. The man

who admitted me was clearly a ruffian, his manner and speech verifying my belief.

"It's about time ya was bringin' my package to me," he snarled.

"Oh, are you the owner of the package?" I asked. It was useless to try to deny that I had been its finder.

Well, I guess I ain't nobody else but," he declared. "Just hand over them rocks, bo, and no questions asked."

Abashed at his talk, I could not think him the rightful owner, so was loath to give up the jewelry.

"Why the delay, kid? Ain't ya got 'em?"

"Not until you prove you are the rightful owner, will you ever get them," I coolly replied to his question.

"Till you see if I'm the rightful owner, huh? I guess it was me that left them in that cab, all right, when the cops was chasing me. I'll jest show ya that I gotta right to them eye-ticklers," and with an oath he sprang at me. I did not expect this, but being younger, nimbly evaded him. I then tried in vain to reach the door, but eventually we met in a fight that exerted both of us to the extreme. Fighting over the jewels, I finally managed to kick them under the dresser.

Then came a terrific banging and knocking and screams and scuffling, as if people were being pursued. The fellow ceased struggling, and with a curse fled from the room, saying: "Them ——— bulls have raided us again." Seeing a chance for escape, I lost no time making use of it.

The next morning I found a full account of the raid in the papers. The Panther was a famous gambling house and hang-out for thieves. The jewels were found and returned to their rightful owner.

When I returned home and told of my experience, the ones who had offered the dare agreed that I had had a real thrill, one beyond all of their expectations.

REGULAR GUYS

JUST BOYS

OUR first glance rested upon a tent. The camp had been pitched at the edge of a small wooded space. The glimmer of distant water could be seen beyond the trees. The smoke from the camp-fire lazily wound its way toward the blue sky. A big gray touring car stood near the tent. Everything seemed to be at peace with the world.

Now, just a few minutes before, four boys had entered the tent. If one was to listen quite closely bits of conversation might be heard which showed that the boys had received invitations to a party and they were at this time getting ready for the frolic. They had rushed to the tent to change their woolen shirts, corduroy trousers, and heavy hiking boots for white broadcloth shirts, serge suits, and highly polished oxfords.

The peaceful murmur broke into a roar when one of the boys discovered that the little, innocent pet dog which at that very time stood watching him, had some time previously entered the tent, and taking it into his little head that the shirt was a cat, started action. The result was rather disastrous for the shirt. In fact, to mend it one would find it necessary to fashion a front and back and two sleeves, to say nothing of the collar.

It was almost impossible to cancel the invitations at this late an hour, since the party was to consist of even couples. There was only one thing to do, and that was to jump into the car and dash to the little country village several miles away. Possibly one could get a shirt there. The trip was made to the village in very short time, much to the disgust of the little dog, who was trying to stay on the back seat. The shirt was purchased and the trip back to camp was made in still less time.

Trouble had by no means bid the boys farewell. When the gray Chalmers slipped into camp the three boys left in camp rushed out and gave the car a thorough search for a green necktie which one of the boys had lost. The lost article could not be found. Suggestions were made, such as, cut a piece of cloth from the torn shirt and use it for a necktie. These suggestions were soon stopped by a look of disgust from the owner. The dog following at his heels, he turned about to kick him, and the other three boys noticed the green necktie in his pocket. He had placed it there in order not to forget it.

Several minutes later the gray touring car was winding its way over the country roads to the merry-making.

—Bruce Doud.

DRAMA

JUNIOR PLAY

"STANDING ROOM All Occupied," was the sign at the Central School Assembly the night of the Junior Play. The program started with a piano duet by Misses Auretta Rigg and Millicent Thatcher, and a violin number by Miss Althea Freeman, Miss Grace Salmon accompanying her. Between the two short plays, Miss Adalene Eaton played a piano solo, and Misses Ellen Hanley and Martha Hughes sang two songs. Miss Lillian Sayre accompanied them.

The two short plays given were very good. The first one was "The Court Folly", in which Miss Martha Hughes played the queen, and Paul Black the depressed king; Edmund La Tour a fascinating youth, and Charlotte Welch a maiden. Miss Mary Small gave a dance in this play. The courtiers were Edward Davison, William Corson, Wayne Allerton, John Ellis, Judd Bush, and Richard Lytle; the ladies were Adalene Eaton, Naomi Spindler, Audrey Shauer, and Eunice Bailey. Miss Sadie Frederick accompanied them.

The other play, "Aboard a Sleeping Car," was very well played, with Lorraine King as leading lady, and Donald Will as the hero. Others in the cast were Franklin Lunbeck, Clark Ferrell, Henry Poncher, Lloyd Bauer, and Paul Lindholm. The lady passengers, too, settled the questions of switches, doughnuts, etc., before quieting down for the night. The other characters were George Howser, Frances Parry, Marguerite Aylesworth, Margaret McNay, Bernice Smith, Mary Clifford, Mary Small, Thelma Field, Alice Adams, Irene Lutz, and Dorothy Ellis.

SENIOR VODVIL

THE Seniors surely lived up to their motto, "Satisfaction Guaranteed," for the assembly room of the high school was packed to capacity. An ably executed piano duet by Lorraine Stanton and Martha Parker opened the evening's program, which had been cleverly arranged by members of the carnival and vodvil committee. The remainder of the program was as follows:

1. First Act.—Mary Alice McGill, May and Kathryn Harrold presented a very enjoyable dance. These girls were under the direction of Mrs. J. Earle Mavity.
2. Second Act.—Two selections rendered by the Boys' Glee Club, with Schuyler Miller accompanying, under the direction of Miss Darby.

3. "The French Duel."—A two-act play by Mark Twain, directed by Helen M. Benney of the English Department. Those taking part were: Tracy Swartout, Richard Bundy, Vernon Ritter, Oscar Dolch, Walter McAuliffe, Arthur Dahl, Louis Hamacher, Gus Marks, Carter Dillingham, Allen Barkley, Marvin Phares, Kellogg Darst, John Ellis, Franklin Lunbeck, Raymond Mohnssen, Howard Moltz, Harry Ludington, Leslie Hall, and Charles Van Buskirk.
4. An animated representation of one of Henry's latest products—1926 model, with Joe Ganzel driver, his lady friend Malcolm Fyfe, four wheels (one flat)—Wayne Miller, Carrol Anderson, Loring Maxwell, William Collins, and Carleton Bearss—was very interesting.
5. Laura Bartholomew executed a very difficult solo, "Romance et Bolero," accompanied by Lorraine Stanton.
6. A dance by Helen Zimmerman, Margaret Stinchfield, Kathryn Philley, Verna Sherrick, Margaret McNay, Sadie Frederick, Katharine Christy, and Alberta Krudup, under the direction of Mrs. J. Earle Mavity.
7. "The Mystery Man," a sleight-of-hand performance by Clyde Burns.
8. "The Charleston," demonstrated by Josephine Harris.
9. "Digesting a Newspaper," a reading by Lorraine Kinne.
10. "Picture Gallery"—with the last picture representing the Star-Spangled Banner.

After this, the crowd went to the basement and danced to music by Herbert Hinkle's Harmony Kings.

COMMERCIAL PLAY

"THE Mummy and the Mumps," directed by Mrs. Dessa Vaughn, was a great success. The story was well written and was screamingly funny from start to finish. The play can easily be said to be the best Commercial play ever given in the High School here.

CHARACTERS

Sir Hector Fish, who impersonates the Mummy ..... Russell Dillingham

Francis Briscoe, who impersonates Hector ..... Tracy Swartout

William Laidlaw, who helps as much as possible ..... Donald Will

James Shannon (Racker), who has three men's work to do—but doesn't do it ..... Howard Moltz

Perkins, the sheriff, who does his duty ..... William Miller

Anna Hampton, a western girl ..... Katherine Christy

Maude Mullen, an eastern girl ..... Bernice Smith

Dulcie Dumble, rather beautiful but rather dumb ..... Lorraine Stanton

Agatha Laidlaw, founder of most exclusive school in New England ..... Lorraine Kinne

Phoebe Beebe, reporter on staff of "Daily Deliverance" .. Helen Zimmerman

THE PLOT

Preparations are being made during summer vacation for the arrival of Sir Hector Fish at Frenella, an exclusive girls' school, when Billy Laidlaw's chum, Francis Briscoe, arrives. Word comes that Sir Hector has the mumps and cannot come. Billy has Brisky take Sir Hector's place. Brisky falls in love with Maude Mullen. Billy is in love with Dulcie Dumble. Sir Hector arrives in the mummy case and is hidden by Anna Hampton. The girls' jewelry is missing and Perkins is called. Brisky and Sir Hector try to leave the house disguised as Agatha Laidlaw. They are discovered and have a terrible time explaining. Finally, after matters are cleared up, Billy announces his engagement to Dulcie, Brisky to Maude, and Anna to Sir Hector. Racker, the porter, finds the jewels but can't figure out where the mummy went.

Finis.

SENIOR PLAY—"A FULL HOUSE"

Cast

George Howell	Charles Van Buskirk
Ottily Howell	Margaret Stinchfield
Daphne (her sister)	Charlotte Burke
Ned Pembroke	Wilford Ebersold
Vera Vernon	Lucile Kuns
Nicholas King	Jack Zimmerman
Mrs. Pembroke	Beatrice Bornholt
Butler	Oscar Dolch
Maid	Edith Shedd
Ottily's Aunt	Ruth Vevia
Detective	Vernon Ritter
Detective's Assistants	Edward Johnson and William Collins
Mrs. Deming	Marian Lamprecht

Story

The story involves a handsome young lawyer, George Howell, wed after a month's courtship to the beautiful Ottily. Her sister has won the love of Ned Pembroke, but Pembroke has written some very foolish letters to Vera Vernon and she threatens to present them to Daphne.

Howell leaves his bride of a day, on a pretense of business in Cleve-

land, and goes to Boston to interview Vera. He gets the letters but on his way home exchanges grips with the villain, Nicholas King, who has just robbed Mrs. Pembroke of her famous rubies. King follows Howell to the apartment he has rented and falls in with the butler and the maid who have been hired with the apartment. Ottily's aunt and sister Daphne arrives from Yonkers to visit the bride and groom. They first find the groom gone, and then the fact that he had gone to Boston instead of Cleveland. Ottily happens on the rubies in the suitcase her husband brings home. The vamp appears and claims both Howell and Pembroke as her conquests. The maid gets the rubies and restores them to the villain, who returns them and gets a large reward. The detectives arrive for the villain, but take Howell. No one is allowed to go from the house. All who enter have to stay.

The mystery is cleared when the villain and Howell get their own suitcases. Ottily finds that her husband is not a thief after all. Pembroke and Daphne get their mystery cleared up by Pembroke getting back his letters. All live happily ever afterwards.

Finis.

A POEM

While passing down the street one day,
I chanced upon two "Froshes",
Dolled up in their best array
And wearing their golashes.

They chattered as they waddled by
Like ducks within a puddle;
I tried to reason out the why,
But only made a muddle.

The way they wore those flappy "goos",
That looked so doggone funny,
For all the walks were clear and dry,
And it was warm and sunny.

I saw them but a month ago
(When I was well nigh frozen
And all the air was filled with snow)
In satin pumps and silken hozen.

—*Gus Marks.*

CALENDAR FOR 1925-'26

SEPTEMBER

1—The big doors of our little red school house were thrown open today. The hefty voice of Mr. Jessee could be heard throughout the building shouting orders to the rampaging multitudes.

2—Half the Freshies were running around asking, "Where's room 4?" "Where's room 11?" "How do we get there?"—in spite of all of Mr. Jessee's instructions.

3—A couple more Freshies were lost in this big building today. The program was changed again—more conflicts.

4—Mr. Jessee thinks that we are endowed with the occult science of mind-reading.

7—This is the beginning of the second week. Everyone except the faculty hated to come back from their two days' vacation.

8—"Date" Stanton's first three years as a Freshie were the hardest. He is now a full-fledged Sophomore.

9—"Skeets", "Buzz", and George London took their first vacation this afternoon. It looks pretty bad, boys, to start so early; but it's all right if you can get away with it.

10—The triumvirate of yesterday all had good excuses and are back in their old places. "You gotta know how."

11—Reggie Hildreth says he doesn't drink coffee because it keeps him awake all morning.

14—First day of the Porter County Fair. Everything ready for our exhibit. The Seniors practiced for the big letter-forming contest to be held Thursday afternoon.

15—The Juniors practiced their letter "H". Mrs. Schenck tried to do the Charleston on the platform steps, but lost her balance. Two more lessons and you'll be perfect, Mrs. Schenck.

16—More practice! This time the Sophomores. The prize for the best letter formation will be a write-up in the Annual. (If the editor doesn't forget it.)

17—Big day at the Fair. The High School paraded in (free) and performed for their big audience. Each class was decorated in their class colors. The Sophomores won the prize. *Curses!*

18—Hurrah! A vacation for a half day to show we appreciate freedom.

21—Mrs. Schenck amused the assembly by playing with the lights this morning. Several Juniors and Seniors (not mentioning any names) tried to stir up a little excitement in the old town last night. They got their excitement, all right—right in the sheriff's office and the superintendent's office.

22—Seniors elected the members of the Annual Staff. (Better late than never.)

23—"Date" started his noisy stuff early this morning by upsetting a couple of chairs in the hall. He didn't even wake up Gus Marks.

24—Should everybody take spelling or just those that need it? We found out that almost everybody needs it.

25—"Gum chewing and candy eating should be abolished (again)," says Mr. Jessee.

28—Twenty Ford airplanes (from Henry's place) passed over our fair city today and created quite a disturbance in the peaceful classes. Harry Luddington never saw an airplane before.

29—Dave Elling amused the assembly with several tunes on his comb. He was soon quieted down by Mr. Jessee.

30—George London gave us a treat today when he wore his new sweater (from New York). There are quite a few new ones now, but we will have to give George credit for the loudest.

OCTOBER

1—"Peg" Stinchfield took a nice "header" over Stanley Alms' left foot. Stanley's feet take up too much room under his desk, so he puts half of them out in the aisle.

2—"What's In a Name?" Rev. E. R. Edwards told us that there was plenty in it if we made it so. The "Forcing Out" Sale at Specht's started at 9:00 today. At 1:00 George Howser burst into the assembly with a new shirt and necktie. Some sheik!

5—The faculty beat our four representatives in the golf tournament, held at Forest Park last Saturday. They ought to be spanked for letting a bunch of amateurs run away with them.

6—Athletics are progressing rapidly under the guidance of Coach Brown. Soccer teams were organized today. The Sophomores are still holding their own.

7—Jack Kozlenko breezes in one minute late. It takes him 15 minutes to get past Mr. Jessee.

8—John McGinley is getting dumber all the time. He thought that hardening of the arteries was concreting the boulevards.

9—It took Mr. Jessee 10 minutes to read the names of all the members of the Monday morning penmanship class. But—it took him 15 minutes to read Wednesday's list.

12—Miss Benney's English VII gave a fine program in honor of this day. They told us that a guy by the name of Columbus discovered this country.

13—"Buck" Fyfe just woke up from his Rip Van Winkle sleep and told the Civics class that there was a town in Wisconsin—then, every man in the town was a fireman. Volunteers?

14—Two supposedly would-be members of the House of David gave up their ideas today—Lawrence Link got a hair-cut and George Howser got a shave.

15—The duck season opens with a "bang" today. "The Duck Hung High"—over Mr. Jessee's desk this morning. No school tomorrow—Mr. Jessee said so.

19—We got our first grade cards today—no, not our first-grade cards, but our *first* grade cards. Reg Hildreth wants to know why he's going to school.

20—No school today—for those who got out. The U. S. Marine Band gave a matinee concert at the University Auditorium.

21—Mr. Boucher's eloquent oratory on "Thrift" boosted our percentage an enormous amount—about 5%. Save your extra pennies!

22—The biology class had a picnic, but Miss Hazely didn't know it. Herb Hinkle furnished the candy. Lawrence Link heard a flock of geese "cackle" last night. He went hunting this morning.

27—Overseers were appointed to look after the cleanliness of each desk in the double rows.

28—Save your money, boys, and bring your best girl to the Senior Vaudeville and Carnival the first Friday after Thanksgiving.

29—One hour vacation. We had to give a big army gun the once over and our O. K. George London and Gus Marks were the chief inspectors.

30—Rev. Strecker of the Methodist Church said he would speak about five minutes. He has no idea of time at all.

NOVEMBER

2—The Freshmen enjoyed a big Hallowe'en party last Friday night. Ask "Onions" Moltz and Bud Lowenstine what a good time they had.

3—Freshies are getting careless again. One of them almost ruined an Encyclopedia by letting it fall on his foot. What would the Sophomores do without this book? And the Freshmen would learn absolutely nothing.

4—Josephine Harris is back with us again. Welcome, Jo! Judd said he was going to buy a new necktie and get a date with her.

5—It's almost impossible for Miss McIntyre to get anything into Lawrence Link's head. Not even Civics.

6—Rev. Ayer spoke on discipline this morning. He's quite a joker—Billy Philley nearly had hysterics from laughing at him. There oughta be a law agin the merry outbursts of all Freshmen. Think so?

10—The Seniors defeated the Juniors 24 to 16 in the opening game of interclass basketball. Sophs beat the Frosh—22 to 13. Judd Bush was unanimously chosen as civics teacher (by Miss McIntyre).

11—Armistice Day. Half-day vacation. The assembly helped the girls' glee club sing the Star-Spangled Banner, and America. Seniors 26—Sophs 15. Can't be beat! The Freshmen lost to the mighty Juniors—27 to 7.

12—Invincible, unconquerable, insuperable, unbeatable, etc., *Seniors!* They won the interclass basketball championship by defeating the Freshmen 16 to 12 in the final round. The Juniors lost their last game to the unsophisticated Sophomores—17 to 13. Mr. Jessee is missing today. Kidnaped?

13—Friday the 13th! Rev. Wharton spoke to us about—20 minutes. John Wise tried to commit suicide by dropping an Encyclopedia on his foot.

16—The School Board buys a new pencil sharpener. "Little Marcel" comes to school with a brand-new haircut. Others about due.

17—Parade of the "26" "Flaming Youths". We gave the underclassmen a great treat. We go through the ordeal of looking pleasant to have our pictures taken.

18—Miss Sieb got stuck in a doorway and couldn't get out—either way. More pictures taken.

19—Mr. Jessee tells us that we may use our pictures for Xmas presents. (Is that an inducement to buy more?) "Buck" Fyfe's gonna save his for April Fool's Day.

20—Mr. Charles Brandon Booth spoke (and yelled) about the "Big Brother and Big Sister Corporation". If a speaker ever got anything into some of our unconscious Freshmen this orator certainly did. The Sophomores also sat up and took notice. The school was turned into a movie at 4:00 and 7:15 today. "Cheub" Christy, Lawrence Link, "Jerry" Kenny, and "Louie" Hamacher can get in for a dime. All others will be charged the regular admission fee of fifteen cents.

23—We have something to be thankful for this week—only three days of school. Mr. Pauley says "Buck" Fyfe isn't balanced. A teacher is usually right.

24—Come and see the wonders of the world at the Senior Vodville and Carnival, Nov. 27, 1925.

25—English III gave a program this morning. Miss Hazely doesn't approve of the audience giving them

the ha-ha all the time. She could not convince Judd that it was entirely wrong, though. "Herb" Hinkle held up traffic in the north hall while he practiced his Charleston step. Seniors parade all over town to advertise the coming Carnival & Vodville.

30—The Seniors got the proofs for their pictures. Big joke section will be made in the Annual. We get our monthly sad news at 4:00. Be sure to take your card right home, Dayton.

DECEMBER

1—George Christy does the "slide" off the platform steps, but miraculously holds his sense of equilibrium.

2—"Skeets" views the biology class movies from his balcony seat (on the table). He thought we were going to have comedy, too.

3—Yell practice at 8:40, 12:45, and 4:00 every day. Who suggested that, anyway?

4—Coach Brown illustrated a few of the new rules of basketball with the aid of Bowman and Lytle. And don't razz the referee, either. Mr. Pauley talked about sportsmanship, then we yelled again.

7—We beat Lowell the first game of the season—41 to 11. Fair start. Waldo Ruess does the shirt-tail parade for us. Everybody's trying the Charleston. Even Miss McGillicuddy tries it. Wonder when Miss McIntyre and Miss Benney are going to learn?

8—Someone ran away with the calendar from the platform. "Dan" Wood must be in love. He dashed out on the gym floor with a newly-pressed basketball suit and ran around like he was wild.

9—More yell practice this noon. John James lost his voice and couldn't find it the rest of the day.

10—Ellen Hanley tried to influence the faculty with mental telepathy for the omission of spelling. We had spelling just the same.

11—English VII told us a lot of things about Indiana that we already knew. Waldo Ruess thought that there was only one step up to the platform—now he is convinced that there are three.

14—John McGinley says he'd like to be vamped. And "Stub" got him.

15—"Skeets" came to biology class 35 minutes late today—but, he had a good excuse. Kathryn Christy had a hard time recovering herself en route to the dictionary this morning.

16—English II presented the court scene from the Merchant of Venice. The star got stage fright and consequently left out about four pages of the play. Otherwise it was worthy of considerable comment.

17—Lloyd Edinger brings his breakfast to school and eats it for the morning exercises.

18—Don Will had to forfeit his dignity when fate forced him to fall in a most humble attitude.
Teachers: "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year."
Students: "Same to you." Boloney!

JANUARY

4—Many New Year's resolutions were broken today. Mr. Jessee expressed his heartfelt appreciation for the Seniors' Xmas present. "Peg" Stinchfield thought we gave him boxing gloves.

6—George Christy woke everyone up the last period by his extra-heavy and uncalled-for loud cough, followed immediately by a wee little sneeze. Give us fair warning next time, George.

8—Judd Bush played tag with Miss McIntyre most of the afternoon. "Marce" calls his Ford the "Hesperus" because it's a wreck. Ain't it, though?

11—"Bud" Lowenstine becomes reckless and tears down part of the ancient tapestry around the platform. Margaret Pulver forgot her gum and had to come clear back upstairs to get it before she could even consider entering the classroom. "Onions" Moltz nominated "Olie" Ewing as sergeant-at-arms of the Bible Study Class when Mr. Brown called for a big, strong boy capable of handling all others. "Olie" *might* be strong.

12—The high school students attended the funeral of Miss Helen Glover, who accidentally met her death at Flint Lake Saturday.

13—Miss Benney sounds the bugle call for note-books. Now there'll be a lot of home work.

14—In "Proper Classroom Appearances" it states that the nether part of the shirt must be tucked within and never without. Harry Ruge forgot to read that part of it, but big-hearted John Ellis comes to the rescue and tucks it within for him. Odors—rotten eggs—chemists are making home brew or moonshine.

15—The basketball team left for a week-end visit at Goshen and Culver. Gus Marks is the star pupil of the chemistry class—he thinks nitrates are cheaper than day rates.

17—We defeated Goshen by 14 points—44 to 30; Culver, 24; Valpo, 39. Who's next?

18—Several Freshmen are expecting more credits than they deserve; maybe they can get through on their good looks. Maybe! Vernon Ritter and Martha Parker took first honors in the oratorical contest.

19—First day of exams. Oh, what terrible headaches!

20—Exams are over. "Buck" Fyfe airs out his feet in civics class today.

21—Gus Marks' hair stands at a right angle. He must have changed his hair tonic.

22—The bird man was here today. His machine went on the blink, so he postponed his pictures, but continued his lecture.

25—The new Freshmen were herded into the annex early this morning. "Benzine" McAuliffe displays his musical ability by moving the piano.

26—The Freshmen were instructed in their main duty in the high school, viz.: picking up small bits of paper left by someone else.

27—We had a regular "free-for-all" in bookkeeping class. Willie and Lawrence got in the way of most of the flying missiles.

28—The school board "loosened up" again and bought some beautiful dark green curtain shades. They cut them in two and hung the pieces on each window.

FEBRUARY

1—Harry Waldorph runs into the assembly three (3) minutes late and no one stops him. Now, if a Senior or anyone else tried it, the whole faculty would be waiting to grab him.

2—Spring is here—the groundhog lost his shadow. So did Judd's ole man. Clyde Burns forgets that he is not yet principal and rings the tardy bell on the desk.

3—The faculty have a surprise party on Mr. Jessee. It's his birthday. John Findley tried to borrow a stick of gum, but Mr. Jessee told him to chew his own.

4—Gum chewing has become a very important plank in Mr. Jessee's platform. He reminded us that we

were bringing our gum too far into the assembly before thinking to take it out.

5—Valpo, 35; Froebel, 43. Just a little tough luck in their new suits. The lights play "wink" with the assembly the last period, and then took a vacation. Miss Hazely does not like to be in a dark room with so many boys.

8—Judd Bush had a hard time convincing Tracy Swartout that we were justified in joining the World Court. Waldo's idea of a soft job is working for a florist picking the blossoms of century plants.

9—Free movie this morning—"The Evils of Cigarettes," starring the well-known and famous Nick O. Tine. Mr. Jessee afterwards told us that most of Nick's friends are those fellows who quit school or are far behind in their studies. They won't amount to much.

10—It's about time for Mr. Jessee to give his semi-annual speech on "puppy-love". This thing has gone too far already and many of our prominent students are beginning to take it rather seriously, not mentioning any names other than Lawrence Link and John McGinley.

12—We get our money's worth of basketball games tonight—two big games—the University and the High School. (Only one is worth the price of admission—not casting any uncanny remarks against the University team, though.)

15—Plymouth whipped us by 7 points. It was the team's fault this time; we had an honest referee. We turned around and skinned Hobart 59 to 19.

16—The Calendar Editor was soon convinced that he was not sitting in a rocking chair in biology class when he crashed to the floor, chair and all, backwards. Oh well, what's a little laugh, anyway? It was for the benefit of the class.

17—Herb Hinkle only missed five questions on the Political Economy test. If there were any more he'd have missed them, too. Consider yourself luck, Herb. Mrs. Vaughn kicked an ink bottle for a goal today.

18—Meeting of the V. H. S. A. A. early this morning. Mr. Brown pled for the support of the audience; while Mr. Jessee talked about the psychology of the game. He certainly believes in determination. We do, too, now. A sheep-skin coat, pair of rubbers, and a fountain pen ran away from their owners last night.

19—Big fire! Farmers' State Bank burns to the ground! A large delegation of Seniors and a few *other* well-learned students represented the high school at the semi-century conflagration held in Valparaiso.

22—We beat Emerson! 51 to 40! Some game! The second team ran away with the Wanatah High School "would-be" stars—36 to 7. The girls broke their record by defeating the Crown Point girls' team by a score of 18 to 12.

23—Let's take sewing, boys! No classes today.

24—The business manager of this edition of the Annual has his office moved again. Present office hours are 8:39 a. m. to 11:51 a. m.; 1:04 p. m. to 4:01 p. m.

26—Valpo won 8 out of 10 places in the County Latin Contest. Just think of that! How smart we are! John Wise, George Christy, Ruth Baker, and Martin Parker captured first honors in the first four divisions.

MARCH

1—Did we beat LaPorte? Only 59 to 34. We played around them as if they were anchored to the floor.

2—Miss Hazely told us that a new aerial railway was built at Niagara Falls. Maudie Katrinka Gustafson pipes up with, "Does it run in the air?" No, Maudie, it's a new name for a proposed sight-seeing subway in Kouts.

3—Miss Darby advertised the coming annual operetta by a short play with members of the cast. Mr. Pauley and his assistant stage-hand, "Onions" by name, shifted the former scenes back into place.

4—This is the last day of school for the week. Big sectional tournament begins tomorrow.

8—Valpo wins the right to represent this section in the regional tourney at South Bend on March 13. Valpo is doped to win by professional dopesters.

10—Bids are being received for the construction of the new high school to be built within the next century. The contractors must think this is a smoke-house.

11—The matinee performance of "Pickles", given by the glee club, was a great success.

12—The evening performance was also well received by a full house.

15—LaPorte got an "unlucky" streak of luck and eliminated Valpo from the tourney. This happened to be a case where the best team didn't win. LaPorte and Napanee were the final winners. Notice on the assembly board: "Wed. B. S. Class meets Tues. & Wed. of this week."

17—"Date" Stanton even admits that he don't know how to debate and immediately takes his seat, thus scoring one point for the common people.

18—Lorraine Stanton surprises everyone and gets boy-struck. "Russ" Dillingham stars again today in Political Economy. He has been reading "Twenty Years in Hull House". Has he lived there that long?

19—Latest scores from the Cow Barn at Indianapolis: Logansport, 33; LaPorte, 29. Hurrah for Logansport!

22—Marion High School wins the State High School Basketball Tournament.

23—The Calendar Editor leaves for an extended business trip to Cleveland.

24—"Reg" Hildreth performs a little juggling act with ink bottles in French class. Reggie should go on the stage—his audience would appreciate him more. It didn't go over so big with Miss Stanford.

25—A representative from the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. speaks on "Safety First at R. R. Crossings".

26—The famous picture "America" is to be shown here tonight.

29—Lawrence Link tries to make the bookkeeping class believe that ¼% of $42,276.00 was 10c. Go to the head of the class, Lawrence, with the rest of the dumb but beautiful.

30—Willie Ebersold is practicing dignity so he can act old and dignified in the Senior play. Bud Lowenstine had his golf sox on today—nine holes.

31—"Melv" Stinchfield entered the loud sweater contest today. He has great confidence in his new sweater.

APRIL

1—No school today (April Fool!). Some of the Freshies bring their sleds to school.

2—The Rev. Mr. Jessee led us in an hour's devotional service this afternoon. We sang a number of hymns at the beginning of the hour; then Mr. Jessee read and commented on the story of Christ's crucifixion.

6—"Date" Stanton threatens to quit school again. John McGinley and Willie Ebersold left for Florida this morning. They got as far as Gary, bought a new suit, got hungry, and came home to their mammas.

7—The other day someone unearthed the most successfully ignorant young lady in this school. This simple soul thinks she has to wear pumps to the Firemen's Annual Ball.

8—Another vacation—(for the Calendar Editor only).

9—Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One Blonde Mummy Queen. Liberal reward if returned before the Commercial Play, April 16, 1926. Final exams in Bible Study at 8 a. m.

12—Judd Bush suggested that we dedicate the Annual to the Senior boys. That was the best suggestion offered, but was not accepted. Why not dedicate it to the Annual Staff?

13—Judd asked Miss Hazely if she was going to get married when school was out. Mind your own business, Judd, and get down to work!

14—Charlie Stinchfield is breaking in a new sweater. Many others were taken out of the winter store-room.

15—English II presented "Silas Marner" free—8:30 a. m. Charles Stinchfield and Mrs. Schenck collide in the south hall door. No one is seriously injured. Prof. Sedgwick, Wielder of the Mighty Broom," thought they were enacting a love scene from "Romiet and Juleo".

16—Baseball — Opening Game — Kouts High vs. "Brownies". Fair Grounds—4:30. "Buck" Fyfe will twirl for the locals against "Burn-'Em-Up" Perry of Kouts. FREE. Hear Ye! 25c tickets for the Commercial play, "The Mummy and the Mumps," now selling for 24c. Don't crowd — only a few left. Let's go! A fine program for Arbor Day was given by the other English II class.

19—Some baseball team! We beat Kouts 20 to 1. Cards! News! Bah! The Commercial play was a great success—starring "Onions" Moltz. He goes over strong.

20—Longfellow was properly prepared for a rainy day. Some kind-hearted person shared part of his raincoat and a doll's hat with the old boy over the south hall door. Shakespeare gave up poetry and became a street car conductor. More ducks and geese were flying around and parked on the assembly lights.

21—Arnold London gets kicked out of room 3 assembly. Charges—Conduct unbecoming a Freshman.

22—The aforementioned Arnold loses another day when he forgets his card and is sent home after it. Don Will is busy making out invitations for the Prom. Be in your seats at 8:10 tomorrow—classes begin at 8:15. Why not come at 6:00?

23—Baseball at 3:30 with Emerson. 15c and 25c—no seats reserved. We get out one period earlier this afternoon for the ball game and the movies.

26—Preliminary report on Bible Study shows no failures. What a relief! Emerson 4—Valpo 1. All they needed was their new suits.

27—Banking today—saved another penny. The baseball team receives their new suits—they're only three weeks late, but, Oh, boy! some suits!

28—The Senior basketball boys startle the assembly with their new sweaters. They made the underclassmen sit up and take notice. "The Mouth—Guard It Well" and "Watch Your Teeth" posters all over the building. Maybe we'll have to wear muzzles pretty soon.

29—Spring is here tra la, tra la la la! Miss McIntyre had to wake Gus Marks up twice in one period.

30—Seniors finally got their announcements. Baseball—Michigan City vs. Valpo. Fair Ground at 4:30. Admission 15c.

MAY

3—We held Michigan City to a close score of 4 to 3, but couldn't make the final run. "Babe" Hildreth knocked the first "homer" of the season at East Chicago, last Saturday. He gave them a little scare, but that didn't keep them from beating us—8 to 1.

4—Mr. Jessee gives the Juniors and Seniors their final instructions for the Prom—"Don't do this, and don't do that, but just enjoy yourselves." The political economy classes voted in the kindergarten rooms, just like they would if they were twenty-one.

5—Dorothy Lannin proposes to Joe Ganzel and get turned down. Have a heart, Joe!

6—Miss Hazely's biology class takes a hike to Wolff's Woods and to Forest Park in search of wild flowers. All they got was exercise.

10—"The Full House" was a huge success, starring Jack Zimmerman, himself, in person. Also, other members of the cast were present and took part.

11—"Sadie get your feet out of the gutter and let the water run down the street."

12—The biology class takes another hike (this time in cars) to a farther woods. No refreshments served.

13—Marybelle Gibbs parades with a clothes-pin on her back. This thing goes to press today. It has been a great pleasure to compile this calendar, and I hope that no one will take offense at anything herein mentioned.

14—Junior-Senior Promenade — Elks' Temple—8:15.

22—Junior-Senior Picnic—Wahob Lake.

23—Baccaleaureate Services.

24—Commencement Exercises—Premier Theatre.

26—Music Club Picnic—Wahob Lake.

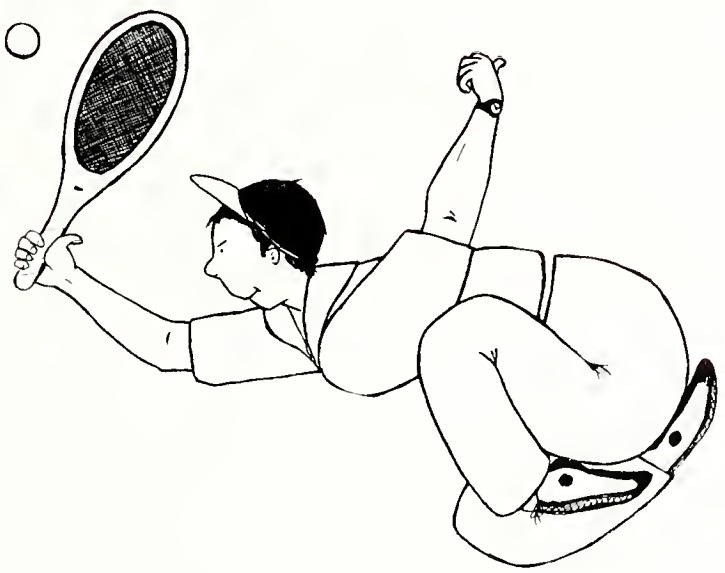
28—Reception—Elks' Temple. By now you will be reading this book.

THE END.

THRIFT IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

THE school year of 1926 sees Thrift in its third year in the High School. The school authorities, seeing the need for organized thrift, have sponsored the movement. Much good has been accomplished during this last year. Miss Hazely was chosen as faculty cashier and director in the High School. Working under her are the captains of the various rows and side rooms. Rows 5 and 6, Room 2, and the Faculty are leaders in pencentage of members banking. The Captains are Lorraine Kinne, Pearl Wheeler, Beatrice Bornholt, Anita Sievers, Florence Pinkus, Margaret Fisher, Irene Wark, Maurine Sisson, Margaret Stinchfield, Oliver Ewing, Richard Lytle, Lois Bell, Alice Nelson, and Bernice Link.

ATHLETICS



ROSTER OF PLAYERS

1. Fred White—Our captain was respected and feared on every basketball floor in northern Indiana.
2. Charles Van Buskirk—The most steady player on the team. He said little and did much.
3. Dan Wood—"Reliability" is his trade-mark. He will be here to uphold the team next year.
4. Dick Lytle—One of the best floor guards Valpo has ever had. He is fast as lightning and hard as nails.
5. Bob Blaese—Bob played like a veteran though it was his first year. We are sorry he waited until his Senior year to come out.
6. "Speedy" Mooker—"Speedy" is a snappy player. He will be one of the veterans on next year's team.
7. Henry Miller—"Hank" is a fast player and will have much to do with next year's success.
8. Willie Ebersold—"Willie" ended his three years' playing with the ability of a veteran.
9. John McGinley—John was always the first man we went to for help, and we always got a good supply of it.
10. Otis Bowman—"Otie" is the youngest of our material for next year. He is good material, too.

1926 BASKETBALL SEASON

VALPO 35—LOWELL 19

We took Lowell for the count in the first game of the season. We have a knack of rushing the small floor players till they drop.

VALPO 56—HAMMOND 27

This was another walk-away. Although seemingly a practice game, it showed the fans that we had a good team.

VALPO 36—LAPORTE 44

Our ancient rival handed us the first defeat of the season. It was nip and tuck up to the last, but they scored enough on long shots to win.

VALPO 56—CROWN POINT 27

The second team walked away with the bacon and let the first team rest up for Saturday's game.

VALPO 30—FROEBEL 55

Again we drink the bitter dregs of defeat. It was a fast game, but Froebel was the faster.

VALPO 54—HOBART 24

To make up for our defeat the night before, we sent Hobart for the count.

VALPO 41—LOWELL 11

Although Lowell fought hard on her own floor, we took the large end of the score.

VALPO 41—EAST CHICAGO 24

Right in their new gym, right under their very noses, we drubbed them badly.

VALPO 44—GOSHEN 30

Goshen thought they had the game won before they came onto the floor. They ran up a good lead in the first half but didn't hold it through the second. We won.

VALPO 39—CULVER 25

Richard (Dick) Lytle was the player in this game. He did 94% of the defense and 82% of the offense.

VALPO 51—WHITING 27

It was a queer game. Whiting took a 15-point lead in the first half, and then we ran over them and won in the last half.

VALPO 31—MICHIGAN CITY 23

Michigan City has been in a slump for the last few years. We had no trouble giving them the hole in the doughnut.

VALPO 35—FROEBEL 43

We stopped our winning streak and say "Howdy" to Miss Fortune. In other words, we lost on our own floor.

VALPO 20—PLYMOUTH 27

Neither team was at its best, but they won anyway.

VALPO 59—HOBART 17

We came out of our slump and cleaned them up. They only saw the ball once or twice, and that was when it was tossed up at center.

VALPO 51—EMERSON 40

Our team put up the best fight of the season. We sure gave them something to "laugh off".

VALPO 44—CROWN POINT 33

We had no trouble in winning this game, although we were out of form.

VALPO 59—LAPORTE 34

This was the last game on the schedule. We made up for our defeat earlier in the season by running off with all of the honors.

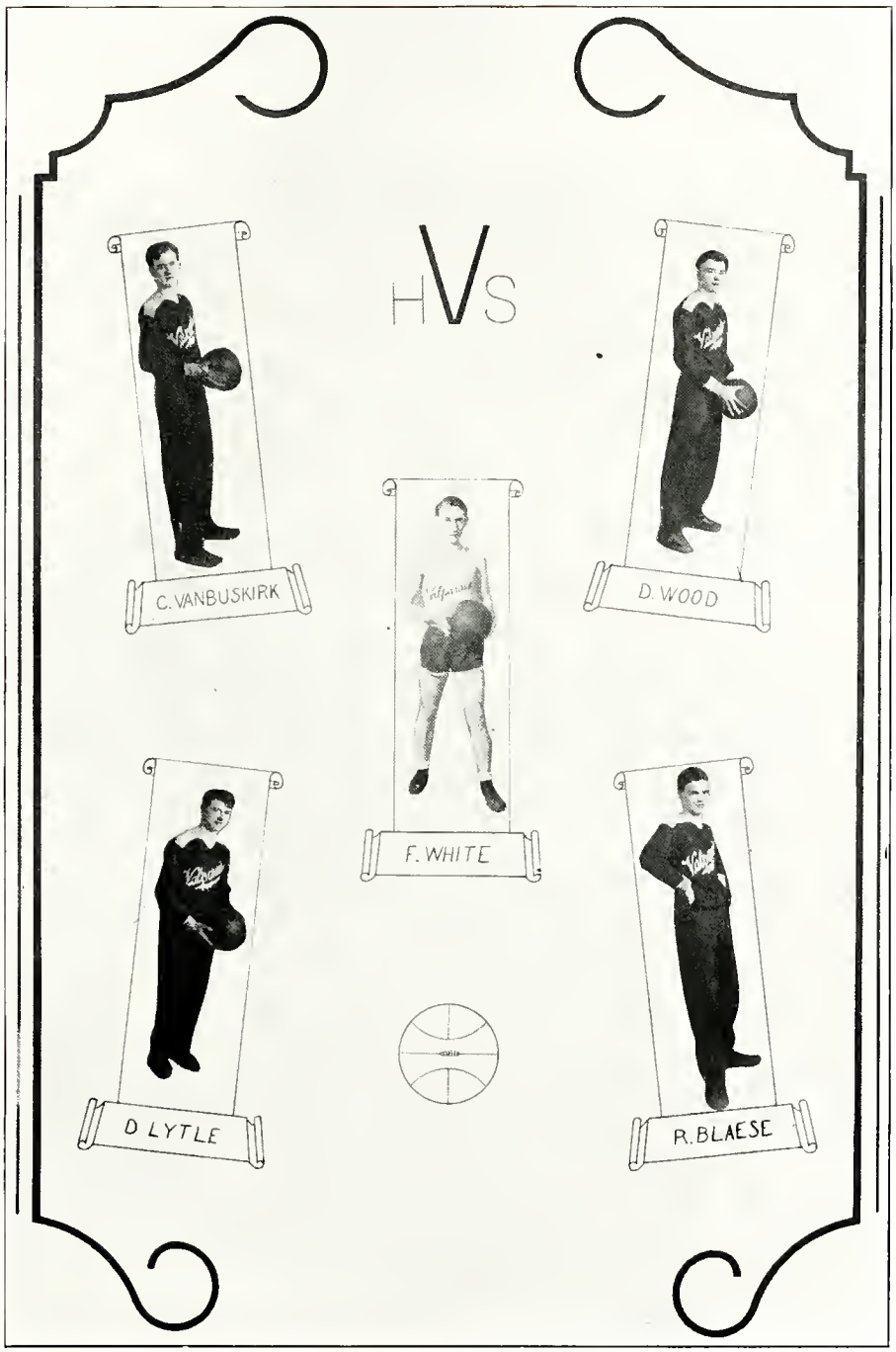
THE REGIONAL

THIS year the regional was held at South Bend, in the new Notre Dame gym. Of course, you remember that Valpo was defeated in the first game of the tourney, but perhaps you have forgotten the nature of the game.

Do you remember how you got up at 5:00 o'clock to catch the bus which was to take you over to South Bend? You arrived at the gym just in time to see Valpo come out and warm up. After the usual preliminaries, the whistle blew for the start of that long-expected game.

The first half was nip and tuck all the way through. First Valpo would lead and then LaPorte. The second half was even more of a fight. Valpo seemed, however, to have a slight advantage. With four minutes to go, Valpo led by four points. But as the time grew shorter, LaPorte kept creeping up one by one. Everyone was wishing that the timer's gun would end the game. With thirty seconds to go, Valpo still led by one point. They had had their full time out and could not take another time out without sacrificing a free throw. They needed to stall. Those that knew the time tried to pass the word to hold, but LaPorte was too busy after them to give much time for a Paul Revere ride. Just as the timer's gun was fired, the referee blew his whistle—Valpo was fouled for holding. LaPorte made the free throw and tied the game.

After two minutes of rest, the game was resumed. LaPorte got possession of the ball and stalled for time and openings. They were successful in getting two baskets and a free throw, while Valpo got only one basket. This gave LaPorte the large end of a 27 to 30 score.

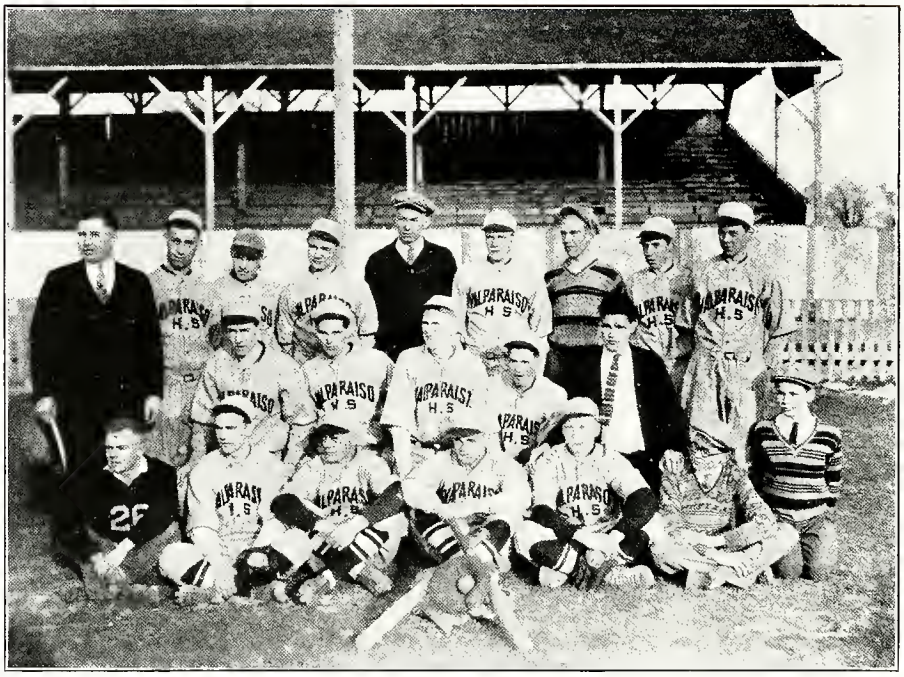

HVS
C. VANBUSKIRK
D. WOOD
F. WHITE
D LYTLE
R. BLAESE

HVS
H MILLER
O BOWMAN
V MOOKER
J McGINLEY
W. EBERSOLD

TRACK

DURING the spring of 1926, track practice was revived at Valparaiso High School. Coach Brown groomed the cinder and field aspirants preparatory to the Froebel meet at Gary. Our half-mile relay team took second place. Hildreth ran second in the century, and H. Miller copped third place in the 440-yard dash. On the 24th of April, five Valpo boys entered the invitational Emerson relays. H. Miller ran second in the 800, for which he received a very pretty medal. In this meet 36 schools were entered. Valparaiso took seventh place. Kalamazoo won it.

A team of seven journeyed to South Bend on the 8th of May. Although Hildreth took fourth in the 220, Valpo failed to score in any of the events. The meet was won by Emerson. All the South Bend records made in 1925, except the pole vault and high jump, were broken at this meet. A week later the Valpo team entered the sectional at Gary. Altogether, track has succeeded admirably this year. High hopes are held for an even better season next year.



BASEBALL IN 1926

BASEBALL for the last three years has been limited to interclass. This year the would-be diamond stars convinced Mr. Jessee to let baseball in as a major sport. With his consent, we set out to make a schedule. Good weather has favored us during every game. Only one has been called off, due to a track meet. This was called off by Michigan City. Only three members of the squad are lost through graduation, giving high hopes for a successful season next year.

The Team

Fyfe, Bowman, p.; H. Miller, Durand, McGinley, c.; Van Buskirk, Dillingham, Gray, 1 b.; Bowman, Parry, 2 b.; Hildreth, s. s.; Lytle, St. Clair, 3 b.; Parry, Gray, Fields, r. f.; Ludington, St. Clair, Johnston, c. f.; Shau, Durand, J. Miller, l. f.

Schedule—1926

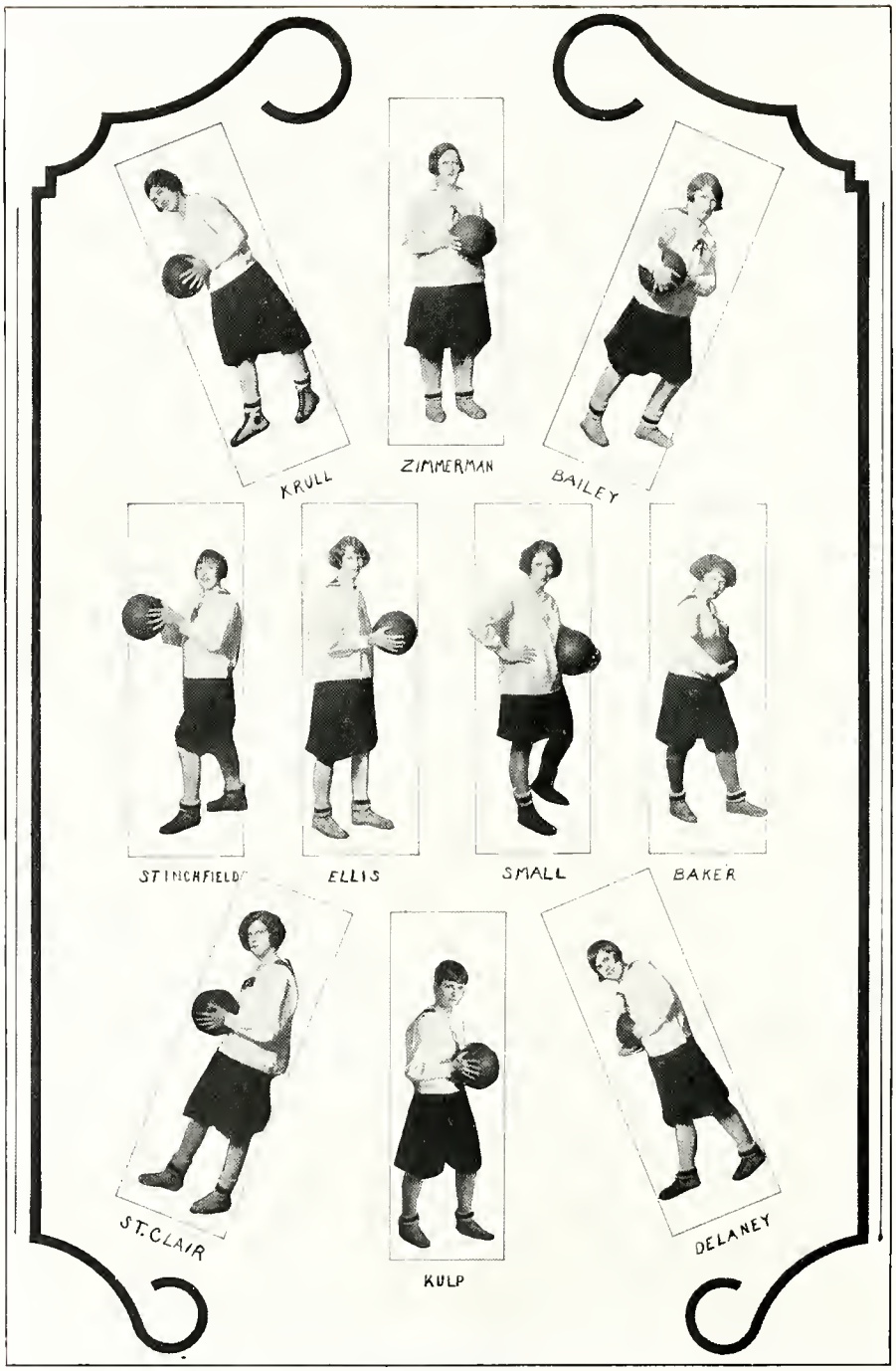
Kouts	1	Valpo	20
Valpo U.	1	V. H. S.	0
Emerson	4	V. H. S.	1
Michigan City	4	V. H. S.	3
East Chicago	8	V. H. S.	1
Boone Grove	1	V. H. S.	8
Whiting	*	V. H. S.	*
Emerson	*	V. H. S.	*
Wheeler	*	V. H. S.	*
East Chicago	*	V. H. S.	*
Michigan City	*	V. H. S.	*
Hebron	*	V. H. S.	*

* Yet to be played.

A NIGHT PROWLER

OUR house in Tennessee was situated at the foot of a small embankment in such a way that the porch roof was even with and touching the top of the embankment. The roof was covered with tin, which cracked every time a person stepped on it. One evening after all of us children had gone to bed, my mother sat sewing near a door that opened out onto the roof. All was silent under a Southern sky, when suddenly the quiet was broken by a crackling of the roof, as if someone were stealthily creeping across it. The steps were uneven, as if the prowler was feeling his way along. My mother shut the door softly and locked it, pulled the blinds, put out all the lights, and with a stove poker as a weapon, stood ready to deal a death blow. The footsteps went past the door and on around the porch. Then they grew more distinct as the prowler came back past the door. My mother pushed the curtain back very slowly and peeked out. One glance at the horrible apparition in the moonlight was enough. She drew the curtain, sank into a nearby chair and burst into—laughter. For, illuminated by the full moon, *she saw* a harmless species of *the* cat family crouching on the roof.

—*Clyde Burns.*


KRULL
ZIMMERMAN
BAILEY
STINCHFIELD
ELLIS
SMALL
BAKER
ST. CLAIR
KULP
DELANEY

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball squad was not so lucky in winning as the boys' squads. They only won one game and tied in two others. More interest should be taken in this line of sport if it is to be maintained. Basketball for girls is comparatively new, and if the girls want it to remain, it is up to them to come out next year and fight.

Off Dignity

Hold it !

Peekin' Through

Thank you

Wild

Ready for a dip.

Indians

Aint I Cute?

Alittle Backward

A future Senior?

ALUMNI

ALUMNI

IT is the custom of every Senior Class to publish items noting the whereabouts of the preceding Senior Class. The Class of 1926 is the fifty-first class to be graduated, and adds sixty-five to the nearly eleven hundred graduates of the Valparaiso High School.

Marriages

Martha Barneko, '24; Lester Willing.
Inez Parker, '12; George Earle.
Jeanette Barnes, '14; Paul Stoner.
Frances E. Tilton, '21; Avery B. Weaver.
Dora Butler; Clarence Schneider, '08.
Mabel Collins, '21; Daniel E. Gray.
Agnes Matt, '20; John H. Wienken.
Viola Specht, '20; Earl G. Scott, 22.
Almira Horner, '23; John Downing.
Laura Holst, '17; Frank Dority.
Esther Blaehly, '15; Clayton W. Martin.
Ruth Blaehly, '21; Bruce Loring, '16.
Thelma McMillen, '23; Chas. Foster, '19.
Thelma Passow, '19; Harry S. Albe.
Marian Bell, '24; Ralph E. Bluhm.
Frances Shurr, '25; Ralph Marimon, '08.

Deaths

George Beach, '87.
Girdon Bartholomew, '84.

Of last year's class, the following are enrolled in the Valparaiso University:

Gladys Comstock
Berneice Wakefield
Avis Worstell
Max Ruge
John Spindler
Helen Adams

Others attending school are:

Virginia Fisher, Madison.
Robert Hart, Purdue.
Ethel Mae Nichols, Oberlin.
Rosaline Radkey, Downer College.
Virginia Kirkpatriek, California U.
Arthur Butler, Indiana U.
Ralph Spindler, Purdue.
Paul Shatz, DePauw.
John Lowenstine. Ann Arbor.
Vernon Hauff, Chicago Dental College.
Sedgwiek Sanford, DePauw.
Mary Ellen Billings, Oberlin.
Anita Parker, Vassar.
Marguerite Lunbeek, St. Luke's.

The following are employed in the offices of Lewis E. Myers & Company:

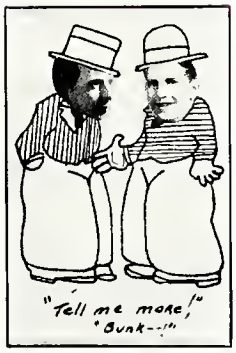
Millicent Thatcher
Englebert Zimmerman
Margaret Kuehl
Beatrice Darst
Gertrude Jessee
Elizabeth Lampreeht
Earl Burns
Orville Oglesby

The following are happy farmers:

Harold Bentley
Bernard Henderlong
Carolyn Hamann

Otherwise employed:

Richard Higley is at Albion, Michigan.
Dorothy Goodpaster is employed in the Mica Factory Office.
William Christy is employed at McGill's Plating Department.
LeRoy Chumley is employed at Windle's Grocery.
Lois Mae Whitehead is in Port Huron, Michigan.
Leslie Wade is assisting the County Surveyor.
Harold Shurr is employed by a lumber company in Gary.
Luella Goodrich is taking a post-graduate course.
James Nixon is in St. Petersburg, Florida.
Mary Coyer is employed at the Valparaiso Electric Company.
Vernal Sheets is teaching violin lessons.
Hazel Kulp is attending Madison.
Katherine Alpen is helping her father in the Citizens' Bank.
Guilford Dye is employed at McGill's Metal Company.
Helen Hodges is living in Kokomo, Ind.
John Erler is employed by the Wade & Wise Company.
Woodburn McCallum is employed by the Wade & Wise Company.
Maurice Stanton is working in a drug store in South Bend, Indiana.
Alice Horner is employed at McMahan's, Valparaiso.
Zenita Matt is employed at the Vidette.
Harold Pulver is working at Klein's Clothing Store.
Bruce Gordon is in California.



A gEntil HiNt to joKe Fans:

DoN't reEd theSe Jokes. They aRe so hot TheY melteD th' lead oN tHe preSs. tH' Censoor woOdn't reed 'em 'cAuse thEy wur sew DumN. i Red wun uV 'em aN i Had too sO on six Butons on My vest 'en i spliT my ShirT clEAn off coz it cUdn't sTan th' StrAne. wE onLy goT a litTle muNy lefT oveR tHis yere, So we Cant pay carfair tu' loGanSport fur ye' if ye go Nuts frum reEdin 'em. taKe Mi adVise an Leve 'em alone. wE juS pUt 'em in tu fill out th' booK. juS reed th' oratuns and storees and lOOk at THe piCHures, but don't reed thEs.

As duMb as eVer,

—*Joe Keditor.*

JOKES

PSALM OF CHEMISTRY

Mr. Pauley is our teacher, we shall not pass;

He maketh us to solve dense equations:

He leadeth us to expose our ignorance before the class;

He maketh us to work hard calculations for our grades' sake.

Yea, though we study 'till doomsday, we shall learn no chemistry;

The equations and odors sorely trouble us.

He prepareth unbearable quizzes for us, which look like enemies to us;

He annointeth our cards with low grades, our work runneth over.

Surely zeroes and conditions shall follow us all the days of our lives,

And we shall dwell in V. H. S. forever.

"Buck" Fyfe: "Bob, how many senses are there?"

"Bob" B.: "Six."

"Buck": "How is that? I have only five."

"Bob": I know it. The sixth is common sense."

"Herb" Hinkle: "He was driven to his grave."

Judd B.: "Of course he was. Did you expect him to walk?"

Consider the pin—its head keeps it from going too far.

Miss Hughart: "Give a sentence with the words 'tanks' and 'dimensions' in it."

"Bob" Ritz: "Tanks. Dimension it."

Lorraine V.: "Didja see the big accident down town?"

"Dot" D.: "No; what was it?"

Lorraine: "A car ran into a garage."

Mr. Pauley: "What liquid will not freeze?"

John E.: "Hot water."

FROM THE SOPHOMORES

Caesar conquered many nations—
A mighty man was he;
And in my examinations
He also conquered me.

"Peb" Thune: "Why don't you put iodine on that cut?"

"Mel" S.: "Aw, I'm so smart now I don't need it."

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the silly little geese
Are in the Junior class.

Miss Sieb: "Dorothy, what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Dorothy L.: "I wish I knew; I'd take some."

We laugh at the teachers' jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because it's policy.

Although "Date" Stanton's head is a foot long, he doesn't use it as a rule.

"Onions" Moltz: "Are you a trained nurse?"

Nurse: "Yes."

"Onions": "Well, let's see some of your tricks."

Mr. Pauley (in Physics): "Will someone explain that dam(n) problem?"

The Lord said unto Moses, "Come forth," but Moses came sixth, and lost the race.

Kate C.: "Ouch, I just bumped my crazy bone."

Margaret L.: "Well, comb your hair and it won't show."

Mr. Boucher (in Geom.): "Now, watch the board while I run through it once more."

FOR GIRLS ONLY

(Read baekwards)

Didn't you if boy a be wouldn't you. It read would you knew we.

"Chub" C.: "My word! What heavenly food!"

Russell S.: "Yeah, I can almost taste the feathers on the angel."

Eve: "S'matter, Adam? Why so restless?"

Adam: "Dog on it, I used poison ivy for my winter overcoat."

Josephine H.: "What are you scratching your head for?"

"Beatie" B.: "I'm trying to dig up an idea."

Maude G.: "Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?"

Fred W.: "No, too large an audience."

She: "Why do you call your new car flapper?"

He: "Streamline body, swell paint job, quick pick-up, all kinds of speed, keeps me broke, and is always ready to go."

Jack M.: "Bernice, you are getting prettier every day."

Bernice L.: "Oh, thank you, Jack."

Jack: "Oh, that's all right. We Boy Scouts have to do a good deed every day."

You can lead a boy to high school, but you can't make him think.

Mr. Jessee: "Why are you so far behind in your studies?"

George L.: "So I can pursue them better."

Miss Sieb (in reference room): "I wish you people would talk louder. I am so afraid that if you bury yourselves so deeply in all those encyclopedias that you will develop lumbago, writer's cramp, or who knows what?"

HIS REASON

First Tramp: "Goin' in that house over there?"

Second Tramp: "Tried that house last week. Ain't goin' there no more."

F. T. "'Fraid on account of the dog?"

S. T.: "My trousers are."

F. T.: "Trousers are what?"

S. T.: "Frayed on account of the dog."

The Literary Department of this publication suggests that you read "My Trip Through Greece," from the memoirs of a traveling doughnut.

"Is Abe very religious?"

"Vell, ven he buys animal crackers, he has the man take the pigs out."

Edythe K.: "I know a man who causes a lot of misery."

Lois D.: "Whoozat?"

E. K.: "The maker of Castoria. All children cry for it, you know."

First Little Girl: "Let's play college."

Second Little Girl: "All right. You get a pipe and I'll get a check-book."

Lois C.: "If there was an explosion on a train, which car would suffer most?"

Naomi S.: "I think the dynamite."

First Pa: "My son is going to be another Edison."

Second Failure: "How is that?"

Pa No. 1: "He only sleeps four hours a night."

Bernice A.: "How many children has a telephone operator?"

Jane B.: "I don't know, but you can be sure it's the wrong number."

Dear Old Lady: "Can you please tell me the berth rate for the twentieth century?"

Agent: "See the government statistics, madam. This is a Pullman office."

NEAR SITE-ED

He: "Could I see you across the street, lady?"

Lady: "If you can't you should see an oculist."

Miss Benney (in English): "Why did Milton write 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Eddie" La Tour: "Maybe his wife returned from her vacation."

A remarkable man is the Hindoo;
He wears no clothes—makes his skindoo.

"Going around much with the women lately?"

"Yep; my new job makes it compulsory."

"What's the job?"

"Collecting fares on the merry-go-round."

Mr. Jessee: "My office is so small every time I change my mind I have to stick my head out the door."

Queen: "Charles, the baby has the stomach ache."

King: "Page the Secretary of the Interior."

You can always tell a Senior
By his strut around the town;
You can always tell a Junior
By his foolish looking frown;
You can always tell a Sophomore
By his collar, tie, and such;
You can always tell a Freshie,
But you cannot tell him much.

Ethel W.: "If it's seven miles from Valpo to Wheeler, then it must be seven miles from Wheeler to Valpo."

Kate F.: "Oh, I don't know. It's a year from New Years to Xmas, but only a week from Xmas to New Years."

Miss Stanford: "Did you open the windows wide?"

Ralph N.: You bet I did! Pulled the top half all the way down, and pushed the bottom half all the way up."

Lawrence W.: "Why are these mountains so rugged?"

Nellie E.: "Carpeted with snow, you know."

"Liz" Fyfe: "I see that "Playing With Souls" is at the movies tonight."

Florence P.: "Yes, 'The Shoemaker's Holiday,' isn't it?"

"Bud" L.: "I see in the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

Harry R.: "That was no marriage—that was a merger."

"Bill" A.: "I wonder if the doctor will give me anything for my head?"

"Dave" E.: "I doubt if he'd take it as a gift."

"Excuse me, sir," suggested the taxi driver respectfully, "but your son always gives me twice as big a tip as this."

"Well, he can afford it," replied Mr. Wickendom. "He's got a rich father."

Miss Hoffman: "What was it that Sir Raleigh said when he put his cloak down for the queen?"

Ellen H.: "Step on it, kid."

She: "What did she say when he kissed her?"

He: "Not a word. Do you think she's a ventriloquist?"

Visitor (to Mr. Brown in M. T.): "How many people work down here?"

Mr. Brown: "Oh, I should say roughly about one-third of them."

Thus the Book of High School Life forever closes,
But its secret key in Memory reposes.

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Memories

Joseph B. Brown: "Real happiness is found by passing a little happiness around."

Tracy Swartout. We need you on the team. I surely hope you make your English credit. C. Thomas.

Laura Neet

Esther Hughart — and what figure of speech is this?

Dorothy B. Hoffmann — No more Hist. II for you! Good luck.

Mrs. Frieda Schenck.

Alice Nelson: "Have you got your theme?"

Dale Mosher - "Charles, get that pencil off your ear

Terry Billings - I wouldn't soil my lips to pronounce your name

Marian Lamprecht - Can't you take care of Herbert Deer?

Kenneth Mosher - Didn't you like debating

_____ and Sieb!

Lewis Bently - One more punk day -

John Wise - a neighbor.

Margaret Wyland - Don't forget 1st period in the morning.

Ellen Hanley - Don't forget me —— Marie

Irene Hansen - Resolved, That argumentation should be abolished.

John O. Fox - Debating is lots of fun!?

Eileen Peoples - Maybe English too;

Dorothy Ritz —— [illegible] be in the new school next year at this time. Sure?

Naomi Spindler - Be back in 15 minutes up at Downings.

Fred Hamann - Just a friend.

Edward Johnson - I have to remember you won't I.

Mary Sowdery — We did have a lot of fun, didn't we, ole boy. Don't tell all those stories to your neighbors across the street.

H. M. Jessee — I hope you have a profitable and enjoyable vacation.

Charlotte Burke — Will Jessee ever stop hauling you out?

Kate Dorney — Say, I don't like your friend C. G.

Cedy the Kreep — Take that pencil off your ear!

Rosella Von Dreheu — "A Latin Student!"
[illegible] — "Class of '27".

[illegible] — what do you do this summer?

[illegible] — History II

[illegible] Wheeler — '26.

Maurine Lisson — Maybe I'll learn to ice-skate sometime

Kathleen Stinchfield — Charles La Rue — Latin scholar.

Clark Fish — Good time on the Platform? eh what?

Homer Gray. Who's who in History II

Helen Edinger "'member English II Banquet"

Kellogg Carst — Ah yes Mr Kelly.

[illegible] — Thurs. Nites & basketball.

Howard Betz — 1928!

R. E. Schenck —

Clyde Schaur - Class of '27.

Gordon Durand '26

Gladys Stanford

Myrtle Stubblefield - That's all!

Glenn Newsom - Lets exchange note books.

Hershel Seymour - Last half set mate '26

Mary Small - Remember Forest Park?

Lois Higley - Neighbor.

Rosemary Albright - Charles, sit up in your seat!
Haven't you a backbone?

Allen Barkley - Oh that Hammond game there!

Dorinne St. Clair - a friend.

Ralph St. Clair - How's Geometry.

Walde Ruess - Remember that fudge we ate at your house.

Merton Norris - Remember how I got acquainted with Miss Stanford.

Lenore Snow. a once your seat-mate.

Sigman Dermans - Latin II?

Marion Filgiano - Lat II of '26.

Mary Collins - "You Geometry shark!!!"

Violette Richards - Do you still play your Cornet?

Vernetta Hock - Remember me.

Mabel McMahan - Freshie '26.

Lafeette Lininger: Hope to see you in Forest Hill

Margaret Dick - aren't you glad it's the last day?

Hester Foley - glad you made Geometry.

Margaret Fisher - English IV.

Marguerite Ryfesworth - Will I ever graduate???